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The Week

SOME Americans oppose the reparations plan just accepted by the Allied Premiers because it is too stiff, others, because it is impossible to fulfill. For whatever reason, American opinion generally does not greet this arrangement with favor. It need not surprise us. This reparations total is a fit child of the Treaty of Versailles. And the Treaty has not been signed by the United States. There is a strong feeling that, as it stands, it never should be signed. This feeling prevails in the councils of the Republican party, which will have to do something very definite about the Treaty on March 4th. If there are still leaders among the Republicans who are inclined to swallow the Treaty as it is, the absurd bill just presented to Germany should once and for all convince them that no possible, no sensible arrangement of reparation can be born from it. The enormity of the bill, its impossible formula of 226 billions, plus *x*, should make us thankful we did not commit ourselves to the Treaty of Versailles.

THE Employment Service of the Department of Labor has calculated the decrease in the number of persons employed since January, 1920, and finds it to be roughly about 3½ millions. This unavoidably inaccurate estimate is based on reports from "mechanical industry" in thirty-five states. The Employment Service calls attention to the fact that it did not try to get figures from the farms, and that since many who were attracted off the farms by the high wages in town have undoubtedly gone back to them, the figure of 3½ millions is not necessarily the total of the country's unemployed. It may be more, it may be less. The American Federation of Labor thinks it is more—somewhere between four and five million. The exact figure matters little, and anyhow it will never be known. What matters is that no official action, or even thought, beyond ever-changing schemes to restrict immigration, seems likely to be taken.

SUPPOSE the United States, a country of 105 millions, has four million unemployed; Great Britain, with less than half our population, has over one million out of work. In a bare numerical ratio, then, we are worse off than Great Britain. But in Great Britain unemployment is, for the government, fully as serious a problem as that of Ireland. This is partly because it is not—as with us—due to a slump in industry—but to the chronic stagnation of industry ever since the armistice. It is also a serious problem because British Labor has the power to keep such problems very much alive. So far the government has turned to a number of improvised cures, ranging from folly to wisdom, from Mr. Lloyd George's advice to emigrate to the appeal asking all employers to run on part time so far as may be possible. The Unemployment Insurance acts were extended to include several million more workers. Municipalities were urged to use unemployed men for roadwork. The government made an offer to the Building Trades Unions to pay them five pounds for every unemployed ex-soldier they trained in their trades. This proposal

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of dilution met with little favor. Nor has the government's latest plan of running part time on a national scale, for labor sees in it a scheme to bring the hard-won wage scales of today back to a pre-war level.

WHAT is British labor's cure for unemployment? The National Conference of the Labor party and the Trades Union Congress has defined it, and direct action is threatened unless the government accepts its program by February 23rd. First of all, labor wants state maintenance of the unemployed at the rate of 40 shillings weekly for men with families, 25 shillings for single men and women, and maintenance of those "under-employed"—that is, working on short time—in proportion. Further, labor demands a reduction to a forty-four week, regulation of overtime, work on roads, railways and canals, restriction of child labor, raising of the school-age, and a guaranteed minimum housing program for five years. But such measures are only palliatives, opiates. The real cure, in labor's opinion, is the restoration of European trade: an end to military expeditions in Mesopotamia, in Ireland; stabilization of international exchange rates, an extension of credits, organization of a European transport system, and the resumption of trade with Russia.

TRADE with Russia depends, in the long run, not on the terms of trade agreements nor on the guilt or innocence of Russian gold, but on what things Russia has ready to sell. Just what this amounts to, is, according to Mr. Michael Farbman, the Manchester Guardian's correspondent, rather obscure. Before the war, he points out, Russia exported about one-fifth of her grain crops. But in fact, he says, "there never was a real surplus of agricultural produce in Russia; there was only undernourishment." The export was at the expense of the home population. If crops have been accumulated during the years of war, there have also been years of very poor harvest, and a decrease in the amount of land cultivated. In spite of a corresponding decrease in the production of hemp and cotton, Mr. Farbman thinks there is undoubtedly a fair amount of these commodities ready for export. For if their production has decreased, the manufacture of textiles has shrunk even more, leaving a fair if unnatural surplus. Mr. Farbman was told that half a million standards of timber could be shipped immediately. He has no doubt that Russia has quite considerable stocks of raw material easily exportable. These amounts would be increased many times over once the vicious circle caused by the crippled state of transportation were broken. But the value of the hides, timber, furs, bristles, flax and cotton that could be shipped out of the country now is far less than the mineral wealth, still in the ground, that is waiting to be developed by foreign capital and enterprise.

FROM a general point of view, it is highly desirable that the United States should find some arrangement with other Powers which would make the completion of its costly naval program unnecessary. But is not this program, in which the construction of large and powerful capital ships is so great an item, also open to criticism on purely technical grounds? Great Britain has decided to make sure that the lessons of the war have not shown capital ships to be of doubtful value before she builds any more of them. Senator Borah has taken the cue, and the Senate has passed his resolution directing the Committee on Naval affairs to investigate the importance and usefulness of the old type of ship in the navy of tomorrow, and report on the possibility of suspending the naval program until this has been determined. And Secretary Daniels, though he thinks an interruption of the present construction would be a "fatal mistake," has ordered the Navy General Board to investigate the problem of the navy's future, particularly the possibility of aircraft and submarines displacing the capital ship. This is such plain common sense that one wonders why we ever laid the keels of six dreadnoughts before making sure that the next war might not find them costly.

IF the war brought a new conception of naval tactics, on land the revolution in methods was much more complete. Yet we still need to be reminded of this fact. The forecast of the annual navy appropriations bill that Senator Harding will give his approval to shows how easily it is forgotten. This bill would cut the army down to a skeleton of 150,000 men, and its appropriation down to between 200 and 300 million dollars. Under this bill the aircraft would receive a little over 19 million dollars. In view of the enormous part aircraft will play in any future war, and the difficulty of improvising aircraft at short notice, this sum is out of all proportion. The army, since its human units can be rapidly expanded in case of war, can safely be cut down to skeleton weight. But so intricate and mechanical an arm as aircraft cannot be so cut down, or amputation will be the result.

CONTRAST these hundreds of millions for arms with a small item, a small beginning in human preparedness: the Sheppard-Towner maternity bill. This has now been reported out by the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. It is an emergency measure, intended to help the states

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provide means for saving the lives of women and children, a fight to redeem the United States from a position very poor in comparison with other countries. For it is safer to be a poor mother in seventeen other countries, and in ten other countries babies stand a better chance to live. The bill carries an appropriation—$1,480,000—insignificant in proportion to the value of the human lives it aims to save.

BILLS introduced by Senators Kenyon and Overman have opened a drive on the activities of secret lobbies in Congress. The Kenyon bill would provide for a "docket" of lobbyists to be kept at each department in Washington, recording the lobbyist's employer, his employer's business, what fee is paid him, and just what he is trying to get done. According to both the Overman and Kenyon bills, it would be unlawful for agents representing individuals or organizations to appeal personally to congressmen. Leaders of the American Federation of Labor, which has for years secured legislation favorable to labor by what, if an open one, is no less certainly a lobby, complain that these bills "might be interpreted to the detriment of labor," and the A. F. of L.'s legislative committee calls them "most vicious." Even if what they say is true, we could not agree in thinking the bills vicious if their ultimate effect were to force labor to influence legislation from the floor of the House. For that is where labor's spokesmen belong.

THE report and the recommendations of theInterchurch World Movement's investigation of the Steel Strike had considerable effect on public opinion, but led to nothing more substantial. Now these recommendations have been put squarely up to federal action. The Interchurch Commission of investigation, appearing recently before the Education and Labor Committee of the Senate, asked for a Federal Commission to be set up for the iron and steel industry in order to bring about a means of conference between employers and employees. There are many reasons why this, or the next, administration might not see its way clear to interfering with something so powerful as the steel group of employers. The other of the Commission's recommendations should be easier to take up: investigation by the federal government, of the business of private detective agencies, regulating, or abolishing them altogether.

THE railroad executives have opened a campaign to reduce the wages of all railroad employees, and save the roads some 400 or 500 million dollars. The unions answer that wages were never up to the amount required for a decent standard of living, and that the recent decrease in the cost of living is largely a myth. The struggle is coming to a head. Who has the final right to determine wages? The Railway Labor Board. But it does not pass on wages if a railroad and its employees can first arrive at some agreement by themselves. The test case so far is that of the Atlanta, Birmingham and Atlantic Railroad, which posted notice of a reduction of wages to be effective February 1st, without notifying its employees beforehand or bringing the question before the Labor Board. If a railroad fails to agree with its own employees—so rules the Board—it must file a petition with the Board and secure its permission before making the reduction. So the action of the Atlanta railroad is not effective, and the first round seems to be in labor's favor.

THE Italian government's bill for establishing joint control of workers and capital in industry has been published, but from the summary of it that has reached this country it is not quite clear just what this bill proposes to do. It evidently aims to familiarize the employees with the details and difficulties of the business, but just what new powers the employees receive is far from clear. The workers in each factory will elect a Commission of Control of nine, and the employers will choose a similar commission. The two commissions will between them—in some manner not made plain—decide questions of labor, for which the law does or does not give some guiding principle. Failing agreement, all controversies are to be decided, without appeal, says the press despatch, "by two arbiters chosen from either side, under the presidency of a third person selected by the workmen's delegates." It is difficult to judge whether this scheme gives the workers "control" in the sense of the word we mean, or in the sense of the quite different Italian word "controllo," which means scarcely more than "inspection." The Italian workers, in surrendering the factories last autumn, may have thought they had been promised "control" of them. But even "controllo" seems to be something too drastic for the Italian manufacturers.

Playing Poker with Germany

THE new agreement betweeen Lloyd George and Briand for the fixing of the German indemnity is obviously not to be taken at its face value. It bristles with too many impossibilities. In the first place, it presents an arrangement that can be executed only if it is accepted in good faith by the Germans. But how can it be accepted in good faith when it rests on bad faith? That it does rest on bad faith can hardly be disputed by

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anyone who will compare the sums that could properly be collected from Germany under the armistice agreement with the present value of the forty-two payments which the Allied premiers propose to exact. The Allied governments propose to collect from Germany rather more than twice as much as they are entitled to under the armistice agreement. They propose to do that with the faithful cooperation of the Germans themselves, because otherwise it obviously can not be done. We shall not impugn the intelligence of Lloyd George and Briand by assuming that they imagine that they have found a tenable formula for the indemnity.

But suppose that the Germans were disposed thus to cooperate in their own enslavement; could such annual charges as the Allied premiers would impose be collected? There are to be two annuities of, roughly $500,000,000, then three of $750,000,000, three of $1,000,000,000, three of $1,250,000,000 and thirty-one of $1,500,000,000. For a period of forty-two years, whatever the condition of the world market, Germany is expected to maintain an excess of exports ranging from a half billion dollars in her present anaemic and crippled condition to a billion and a half through a whole generation beginning with 1929. Our own experience during the war and the period of disorganization following shows that vastly greater exports than these are possible to an industrial nation in the exceptional circumstances of an insatiate foreign demand. But we are now evidently entering upon a period of greatly intensified competition among the chief industrial nations. England, Italy, Japan and the United States are all looking to increased industrial exports as an essential factor in national prosperity, and France, too, if she desires to realize on her newly acquired ore fields and the coal mines of the Sarre, will have to find foreign markets. It is simply not believable that in these circumstances Germany could acquire such an exporting preponderance as the proposed indemnity charges would imply.

But as if the magnitude of the payments it is proposed to exact were not sufficient to warn us not to attach too direct an importance to the Allied agreement, Lloyd George and Briand propose in addition a twelve per cent duty on all German exports for forty-two years, not in lieu of other forms of payment, but as a free bonus for the conquerors. It is obvious that Germany can not pay even a reasonable indemnity except through an industrial development which implies heavy imports of food and of raw materials to be worked up for export. Of her own raw materials she has little but coal to export, in competition with England, and potash salts, in competition with France. That trade may produce a certain excess above the cost of ores Germany is now compelled to import, but as for its carrying the burden of the indemnity, as certain French economic statesmen propose—that is an absurdity. Germany will have to import extensively and pay for her imports by exports several times greater than any indemnity payment she can make. And on all those exports the Allied statesmen propose to levy their twelve per cent toll. That would be to increase the indemnity charges, already twice as heavy as they ought to be, by something like fifty per cent.

Now, is it to be supposed that the statesmen who wrought such a tissue of absurdities were unaware of the fact that they might as well have occupied themselves with recalculating the magnitude of Betelgeuse, so far as immediate practical applications go? As we have already indicated, we cannot suppose that. Therefore we are forced to look under the surface, to see if we can find a plausible explanation for this stupendous Gallo-British pleasantry.

It is the fixed policy of the present French government to work hand in hand with England. It is also the fixed policy of the French government to remain in office as long as it can, in spite of any shocks the country may receive in the course of the deflation of French claims. To reject the British plan of an indemnity fixed at such a level that indemnity bonds might become an asset in European finance, instead of a fruitless incubus on the economic life of all Europe, would necessarily complicate Anglo-French relations. But to accept that plan frankly and to permit the French people to see exactly what they must content themselves with would destroy any ministry, however eloquently defended.

The agreement of the premiers appears on its face a huge concession to the French claim for an unlimited indemnity. Accordingly it does its work in strengthening the position of the Briand ministry. But by its very excesses, in seeking to levy burdens upon Germany beyond the thirty years fixed by the Treaty, it introduces a principle which the French have never been willing to admit. The Germans will have to be called into consultation and their consent to the plan sought.

Such a procedure is incompatible with the dictation of purely fantastic terms, such as the Allied statesmen have dealt in hitherto. The Germans will no doubt do their best to make their paying capacity seem less than it really is. But in consultation with qualified German experts the Allied representatives can not help getting down to concrete facts and figures. Considerations of punishment and revenge will have to give place to stat-

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istics of production, actual and possible under the conditions the Allied statesmen themselves create. One would, however, be an optimist indeed who believed that a final settlement will soon be reached. No indemnity total that corresponds with the actual capacity of Germany to pay can be acceptable to the French Chambers, in their present mood. The Briand ministry could not survive the disappointment such an indemnity total would cause. The formal requirement of the Treaty, that the indemnity shall be fixed by May 1921, may be met, but in all probability by fixing a sum beyond possible realization, to be revised downward later, when the accumulating difficulties of the French treasury have brought home to the people of France the necessity of limiting the indemnity to such a figure that indemnity bonds will float.

An Educator Who Did Not Think

IF you were in search of clear thinking on business problems, where would you expect to find a better example of it than in a speech by Chancellor Day of Syracuse University delivered at the National Republican Club and reported by the New York Times? The speaker, the place, and the newspaper would seem to guarantee a foolproof combination on a subject like the present business depression. So attention is at once attracted to the headline:

DAY LAYS IDLENESS TO LABOR AGITATORS

In the course of Chancellor Day's quoted remarks the reader will find this penetrating diagnosis:

> There are men out of employment today and they are out of their jobs because the capitalist is disturbed by agitation, because he is out of his confidence. It is the capitalist who fills the working man's dinner pail, and I can't appreciate myself the attack upon the capitalist.

We have here the statement of a man entrusted with the education of young men, a representative of learning, a preceptor in sound intellectual habits, and he says that the slump in business is due to the agitators. Mr. Hoover, then, is wrong when he says that the failure of the European market has something to do with business depression. All the financiers and economists are wrong who have argued that until European commerce is restored the cycle of production cannot be successfully resumed. All the talk about fixing reparations is irrelevant. The National City Bank is talking through its hat when it says that "retail merchants have been buying up only to sort up their stocks, jobbers have run down their stocks, orders for goods have been cancelled in great numbers, and manufacturing establishments have slowed down production or shut down completely. . . . These periods of reaction come as a result of industrial derangement, or in other words from the industrial organization getting out of balance . . . During the period of advance, although there were many people whose incomes did not keep pace with the general movement, the situation remained for a time fairly well in balance, but as the advances continued, the buying power of important sections of the population, especially in other countries, fell behind. . . . The situation became so completely unbalanced that a general readjustment was necessary."

None of this, according to Chancellor Day, is true, or if it is true it originates wholly in one cause: the agitators have frightened the capitalists; Mr. Foster has frightened Mr. Gary; Mr. Gompers has frightened those who fill the working man's dinner pail. But what a picture of the American capitalist Chancellor Day paints! Three million unemployed because he is in a blue funk about a few labor leaders. Chancellor Day, it seems to us, damns our industrial leaders with faint praise.

But suppose he is right. Suppose it is all the work of agitators. How is confidence to be restored? The National City Bank thinks that "there must be a fair and approximately stable basis of exchange . . ." and that "there cannot be a sudden change in the compensation or buying power of great bodies of the population without seriously affecting all branches of industry and business." What does Chancellor Day think? He thinks that confidence should be restored to the capitalist, and that labor leaders should cooperate with him.

Does Chancellor Day really believe that? Does he believe that the labor leaders, or any labor leaders, in the steel industry should cooperate with Mr. Gary? Mr. Day's contribution on that subject is an attack on the Interchurch Report. Does he believe that labor and capital should cooperate in the New York clothing industry as they do in Rochester and Chicago? His comment is to misquote one union official, and imply that the clothing workers who want to cooperate with the manufacturers are revolutionists. No, Chancellor Day does not believe in cooperation. He believes in patronage, not partnership. He believes the capitalist "fills the working man's dinner pail," not that the workingman and capitalist together fill it.

On the subject of how to restore confidence Chancellor Day is not so definite. The capitalist, he says, is under attack. We had not noticed it.

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We had supposed there was less attack on capital today than at any time for twenty years. Mr. Day was speaking to the National Republican Club. Has he heard Mr. Harding's vote? Has he heard of how insignificant was the Socialist vote? Does he know that relatively that vote has declined? Does he think that Mr. Cox's vote in the Solid South was an attack on capital? Does he think that when 16,000,000 people vote Republican, and 9,000,000 vote Democratic, there is an attack on the capitalist? No, he does not think so. But he thinks that a handful of agitators are more powerful than the electorate of this country. A man who thinks that does not think much.

The Future of the League of Women Voters

THE League of Women Voters owes a substantial debt of gratitude to Governor Miller of New York. By an ill-considered and indefensible attack upon the League at a critical moment in its development he has issued on behalf of a large and active section of the Republican party, a challenge to its leaders and members which will confirm them in their purpose to go ahead with their work and help them to clarify their outlook and program. Instead of discrediting the League, as he intended, the Governor's indictment of its objects will intensify its appeal to those of the newly enfranchised voters who believe that the bestowal of political power on women can be made to contribute a positively new element to the standards and practices of American politics.

The League is essentially a kind of mutual improvement society for women voters. It consists to a considerable extent of former workers in the agitation for suffrage who are opposed to the formation of a woman's party but who aspire none the less to make the woman's vote a valuable addition to the gold reserve of American politics rather than a mere inflation of its voting currency. Its leaders have succeeded already in building up an extensive organization and in recruiting a numerous membership. It adopted at the conference of its founders an enlightened but essentially moderate political and social program, but it does not seek to impose this national program upon its state and local associations. Its object is fundamentally educational. It seeks by discussion, study and sometimes by agitation, to teach its membership to use their political power more intelligently and more effectively. It is not opposed to the regular parties. It has never discouraged its members from enrolling as Democrats or Republicans. On the contrary its leaders are almost all enrolled as party members, and they advise women voters to follow their example. But inasmuch as the local Democratic and Republican organizations do not provide the needed centres of political discussion and education, the League proposes to create in addition local clubs of women voters, federated into national and into state organizations, which will satisfy their wholesome craving for the independent discussion and, if necessary, the aggressive agitation of political and social issues.

This is the society whose activity Governor Miller denounced as a menace to American institutions. He does not, of course, consider its educational activity menacing. The association becomes from his point of view a menace is so far as its work ceases to be exclusively educational and seeks to translate the convictions and aspirations of its members into political influence. Regular political parties are, according to Governor Miller, the only groups which can legitimately exercise political power. A League of Women Voters which competes, no matter how prudently and provisionally, with the absolute authority which the national parties are entitled to exert on the political decisions of their members is to that extent a menace to American institutions. By impairing party allegiance, it diminishes the cohesion of the great agency which the American democracy has forged for the purpose of organizing and consolidating majority rule. By threatening regular party candidates with the loss or the gain of support as a consequence of voting or not voting in certain ways, it renders them less susceptible to party control. And this consequence, according to Governor Miller, is deplorable not because the party program is necessarily superior to that of the League of Women Voters, but because a party is a responsible agent of government while a non-partisan league of voters is only a body of political skirmishers which is not capable of winning victories at the polls and assuming the full responsibility of government.

Almost all the newspapers in New York City have pointed out the obvious weakness of this indictment. The answer returned to Governor Miller by certain Republican members of the League does not leave much of his argument alive. But Republican opposition to the League is not confined to speeches. Far more serious is the behavior of the Republican party chiefs in those neighborhoods where the League has succeeded in recruiting new members. The local Republican leaders are using all their influence with Republican women

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to prevent them from joining the League. They argue, just as Governor Miller argued, that by joining an independent organization of voters a woman is injuring the smooth operation of a mechanism which is necessary to the success of American democratic institutions. They have in many cases practically served notice that a woman who by joining the League qualifies her allegiance to the Republican party will, as a consequence of her partial infidelity, disqualify herself for any position of responsibility in the gift of the party. The Republican machine is fighting the League wherever it threatens to become a power, even though the League is not fighting the Republican party. If it succeeds in its struggle for political influence and a large membership, it will succeed in spite of the inveterate hostility of the Republican politician.

The inveteracy of this hostility points to a grave defect in the practical organization of American politics with which the League of Women Voters has the opportunity of dealing. If the local centres of partisan political activity functioned vigorously and provided the American nation with a sufficient means of informing, unfolding and clarifying popular opinion, party politicians would not fear the competition of a League of Women Voters and such a League would be deprived of its clearest title to existence. But these local centres are atrophied. They have become merely the parts of a centralized party machine which exists for the sake of giving and transmitting orders. The professional and political machinists think only of the smooth operation of the mechanism. They dread more than anything else the formation of new groups which may revitalize local centres of political discussion and social cohesion. The professional politician does not really object, as Governor Miller says, to the formation of minor groups of voters who propose to exercise political power in the interest of some special purpose. He exists for the purpose of conciliating or buying off groups of aggrieved farmers, groups of insistent prohibitionists, groups of would-be pensioners and the like. But he fears the two kinds of competition for which he is not prepared and whose road to success would run over his dead body.

The first would be the formation of another political party which could convert a large and increasing body of voters to the support of some new formulation of the American national purpose. The second would be the creation of political and social groups organized, as the national parties are, on a territorial plan, which would seek by experiment, by discussion and by agitation to educate their members in the art of political and social cooperation for the benefit of a higher standard of social behavior. The party politicians realize that the formation and the successful operation of such groups, even if undertaken by women who sincerely did not intend to injure the existing party machines, would impose on those parties the disagreeable choice of decentralizing their own mechanism and improving their own standards or else of suffering from a dangerous diminution of authority over the rank and file of their members.

Governor Miller in his Albany speech merely gave a frank expression to the fear which the party politicians feel towards any movement which looks towards the reinvigoration of the local centres of political opinion and resolution. He has advertised and emphasized the conflict between the centralized party machines which exist in order to exercise power and to manufacture votes and new political groups which would exist to educate opinion and raise the standards of political and social intercourse. It is by advertising this conflict that he has clarified the future program of the League of Women Voters and has confirmed its friends in their convictions of the importance of its work. The contribution which the women voters have an opportunity of making to American politics is that of restoring to neighborhood groups, to town meetings, some of their former efficiency as agencies of political and social education.

The function of neighborhood groups in a political democracy is of the first importance. It is by means of the discussion and the conflicts of interest and opinion among individuals and classes which take place within such groups that the people of a democracy learn how to make up their mind. Indeed only by such an intensive local exchange of ideas and comparison of interests can they develop a common mind and carry on a national tradition. The American democracy is suffering from the lack of a common mind, because the neighborhood groups which functioned so vigorously during its formative years are lifeless and dead. The powerful tendencies which make in favor of centralization, the tendencies which are gradually reducing individuals and neighborhoods to insignificance as obedient parts of huge industrial and political machines, are in danger of destroying the common mind of the American people in the frightened or greedy effort to unify or control their activities. If American nationality is to remain the expression of a moral rather than a merely mechanical unity, good Americans must combine to reinvigorate the vitality of those domestic and parochial centres of human traffic and intercourse, which provide a mansion for the wholesome educative activity of smaller groups, of less ambitious enterprises and of humbler people.

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This surely is a work which women are peculiarly adapted to undertake and which offers them a rare opportunity for individual political self-expression in an essentially social medium. The great majority of energetic and successful men either already occupy or are striving to occupy important positions of power which enable them to control the operations of the centralized political and economic machinery. They have neither the time nor the inclination to interest themselves in neighborhood organization and parochial affairs. But the majority of energetic and intelligent women are still independent and will, if they are true to themselves, remain independent. They need opportunity for self-expression in politics which the political machines are not capable of satisfying.

They cannot obtain such opportunities unless they create for themselves new political households in which women voters who know each other and are interested in common neighborhood affairs gather around the same hearthstone for counsel, for mutual help, and if necessary for the discussion and settlement of disagreements. But they cannot provide by these means for their own political expression and education without providing also for a town hall which would shelter, warm up and nourish all the educative and progressive social activities of their neighborhoods. It is in this way only, that women can contribute to American politics something positive and novel, whch at the present time men are very much less likely to contribute.

The League of Women Voters should consist essentially of a federation of such neighborhood political groups. Its vitality will depend finally upon the vitality of the educational and social work which its constituent local units are capable of achieving. It does not follow, of course, that these local societies can get along without some machinery of coordination. On the contrary, the activities of the local societies will need encouragement and direction from state and national headquarters; and the state and national headquarters will need at times to agitate on behalf of any program which expresses the consensus of conviction on the part of the neighborhood groups. The spirited and intelligent agitation which the New York State League of Women Voters conducted in the winter of 1920 at Albany on behalf of its welfare bills was the one redeeming feature of a legislative session which in other respects established a new record for political stupidity and obscurantism. But the State Leagues, although they must and should agitate on behalf of their programs as a necessary condition of giving reality to their work, should none the less use the weapon of agitation with discretion. For the present they are not justified in being too aggressive. They will or should consist of a loose federation of neighborhood societies which are dedicated to the task of educating American women and in the end American men to develop by means of the sincere and candid discussion of their own local problems and differences something of a common national political consciousness.

Whose Flag is it?

WRITING of the open shop, "American Plan," the other day, Mr. Arno Dosch-Fleurot said that in traveling the United States to investigate labor conditions he found that certain manufacturers and employers had, so to speak, hogged the American flag. Mr. Fleurot said that in Butte he was walking to headquarters with some labor leaders and when he came to a big building that flew the Stars and Stripes he started to enter it. The labor leaders stopped him, saying, "Don't you see the flag of the American Plan?"

And now, it appears, there is to be another American Plan, this time in literature. A literary professor draped in the flag is rather a novelty, but the spectacle is to be observed in the January Atlantic Monthly, with Stuart P. Sherman in the star part. Under the benign title, The National Genius, Mr. Sherman coils himself and his conception of national culture right into the heart of the Stars and Stripes. It is essentially ludicrous, but it needs some untangling, or the realities that Mr. Sherman is exploiting may themselves become impaired.

The fight between Mr. Sherman and his critics is not a new one. This writer is well-known in his articles and books as an orthodox conservative in literature, leaning to authority and depending on standards, with More and Babbitt and Brownell as the men he follows. Among the persons he has formerly attacked are Dreiser and George Moore, on ethical grounds, and to these names he now adds Joel Spingarn, Ludwig Lewisohn, and for some strange reason W. L. George. But where the previous discussion centred on literary and social values, Mr. Sherman has now carried the fight into that uneasy political region inhabited by Americanism, and he has practically sought to interpose American patriotism between himself and the men who think that he is aesthetically arid, timid and deficient.

These tactics are not perhaps so unusual. Whenever the Old Gang is set upon in American politics

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it is extremely likely to reorganize itself on the basis of Americanism, Optimism and Abraham Lincoln. An amusing illustration of this may be found in Chicago by examining the record of William Hale Thompson's forerunner in local politics, Fred M. Busse. When the Old Gang organized the Busy Busse Boosters, everyone who was not a Busy Booster was a highbrow, a goo-goo, a knocker or a pessimist. These tactics of machine politics as against critics and pessimists are now transferred by Mr. Sherman into the discussion of National Genius. It would be harmless if it did not try to enforce that particularist Americanism which in its essence requires exclusion, ill-will, pride and prejudice—Anti-Semitism, Anti-Germanism, Anti-Irishism, Anti-Russianism, anti-everything else.

The fallacy of identifying historic Americanism with the Puritans is itself hardly worth discussing. The Dutch settlers, the Ulstermen, the Swedes, the Quakers had each and all a contribution to make that was not Puritanical. George Washington and Alexander Hamilton were "forefathers" outside that tradition, and half the present population of the United States is admittedly foreign to that particular bourgeois English strain. It is, naturally, a strong strain, and one not always wisely criticized. A good deal has been said about "our forefathers," the Puritans, which must be deeply irritating to men like Mr. Sherman. Certainly Theodore Dreiser, although a writer who has made an immense contribution to American fiction, has said a few definitely silly things on the score of "our forefathers." But when men named Sherman are irritated by men named Dreiser or Spingarn or Lewisohn, are they to be permitted and encouraged to rant about the "Native American"? That is the real point raised by this article, to which the Atlantic Monthly gives leading place.

Mr. Dreiser, we are told with partial inaccuracy and total insolence, "denies a faith which in some fifty millions of native Americans survives the decay of dogma, and somehow, in attenuated form, keeps the country from going wholly to the dogs."

Mr. Spingarn, we are told, declares that beauty is not concerned with truth or morals or democracy. "He says what the American schoolboy knows to be false to the history of beauty in this country . . . Beauty, whether we like it or not, has a heart full of service."

Dreiser and Spingarn, it is plain, are outside "America." Mr. Sherman is inside "America"—Mr. Sherman, and all the other American schoolboys who know that beauty has a heart full of service. But the foreign devil is threatening the schoolboys. "If the young people were not misled by more or less alien-spirited guides, the national genius itself would lead them into a larger life." And what, Brother Bones, is the national genius? Mr. Sherman goes for it to "our forefathers." It is what he and his friends believe, "we ordinary puritanical Americans." It doesn't mean "banishing or ignoring the austerer ministers, and making poetry, painting, and music perform a Franco-Turkish dance of invitation—it is not thus that the artist should expect to satisfy a heart as religious, as moral, as democratic as the American heart is, by its bitterest critics, declared to be." The national genius (thanks to Billy Sunday and others) manifests itself in religion and politics, "nourished and sustained by ancient traditions and strong racial proclivities." It is animated by a profound moral idealism. To buck it is "secession." These poets and novelists of Bohemia are "anxious to secede from the major efforts of their countrymen." They don't sympathize, these secessionists and rebels, with Americans "who bear the burden of the state, or are widely conversant with its business, or preside over its religious, moral, or educational undertakings. I do not intend in the least to suggest that the artist should become propagandist or reformer. . . . What one feels is rather that intercourse with such men might finally create in our artistic secessionists a consciousness of the ignobility of their aims."

It is not often that we have the nobility of American politicians and educators and business men held up to the ignoble artistic secessionists. But this is a consequence of Mr. Sherman's patriotic fervor and finally, as the acme of patriotism, he exhorts our artists to draw out and express in forms of appealing beauty "the purpose and meaning of this vast half-articulate land, so that our hosts of new and unlearned citizens may come to understand her as they understand divine compassion—by often kneeling before some shrine of the Virgin."

"Americanization" has seldom reached the sentimentality and priggishness of inviting the newcomer to come to this country on his knees. It is patriotism in rather a virulent form. The answer to it is obviously not to flog the dead horse of Puritanism. It is not to recall Mr. Sherman to Main Street which, as the Atlantic Monthly elsewhere says, *is* American—with "its provincial narrowness, its materialism, its malice, its servility, its smug egotism, its childish curiosity, its blind cruelty, and, on the other side of the ledger, its basic goodness of heart, its tenacity of character, its dogged and snail-like progress along the path of self-improvement." The merits or demerits of the American are not in question, but only the right of Sherman and Co. to speak for the native to men not New England in name.

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To raise the American flag in front of the open shop or the closed mind is not, as we conceive it, "our forefathers'" plan. The national genius, happily enough, does not depend on lucubrations like Mr. Sherman's. The Sherman of 1880 was undoubtedly abusing the Walt Whitman whom this Sherman praises, and the Sherman of 1960 will in all probability be acclaiming that profoundly moral American Theodore Dreiser. What is obnoxious at present is not Mr. Sherman's actual discriminations against the anti-Puritans but the unhealthy patriotism with which he intertwines it. That sort of Americanism is the last resort of weaklings. We are moulding in this country a national tradition and a national genius, this is indisputable. And it is equally indisputable that certain forms of bad taste and unsocial attitude are repugnant to it, however disguised. But what Mr. Sherman does not understand is that America cannot, in the very nature of its own being, judge of taste and conduct by the alien criterion of "native" and "native-born." This, to use his own terminology, is thoroughly un-American. He must stand up against Spingarn, Lewisohn, Dreiser and the rest on his own merits as a critic. By imputing alien origin and alien ideals to them, he befouls his cause with his own unsocial attitude and bad taste.

Spoils and Principles

GOVERNOR MILLER'S inaugural message to the New York State Legislature rang pleasantly in the ears of the good citizen at large. A regime of economy was promised; and Heaven knows, America is in need of economy, private and public, local, state and national. Deep gloom, it was reported, had suffused the hearts of the jobsters and spoilsmen as the Governor's brave and economical words sank home. A regime of efficiency was also promised, and that, it was reported, caused deeper gloom, for how can jobs and spoils be reconciled to efficiency? What increased the bitterness was that Governor Miller was an exponent of the partisan theory of government in its purest and most extreme form. Government by Republicans, not for the benefit of the people, but for the benefit of Republicans; government by the privileged classes for the benefit of the privileged classes: that was what the politicians supposed had been foisted upon the people of New York under the thick fog of popular disgust with Wilsonism and the Covenant. After the inaugural message the press commentators thought that the politicians had been hideously betrayed. We seemed after all to have a governor of the people of New York, rather than of the Republican party and the privileged.

But action means more than words, and the evidence of action is now beginning to come in. Let us take for example the amendments proposed by the Knight-Brady Committee to the bill on the recodification and revision of the labor law. There is no need to institute a research into the paternity of these proposed amendments. They have the same grim and lofty mien as Governor Miller's own message.

In the first place they abolish the present industrial commission of five, of whom not more than three may be of one political party, and which naturally contains Democrats, and substitute an industrial commissioner, appointed by the governor with the advice and consent of the senate; a deputy commissioner, appointed and removable at will by the commissioner, and an industrial board of three members, appointed by the governor with the advice and consent of the Senate. The change spells economy. The five commissioners have received salaries aggregating $40,000; this new personnel would receive only $39,000. It spells efficiency: five Republicans, taken care of, instead of, as now, three Democrats and two Republicans. But we hasten to add, these are only the initial instalment of efficiencies and economies.

"The offices of secretary and of counsel to the industrial commissioner are abolished." That must mean economy. The attorney general's office will do the legal business for the reorganized Department of Labor. For nothing? That would indeed be a saving if it were possible, for an administrative body which has so extensive a business as handling the workmen's compensation law, to say nothing of factory inspection, etc., must generate a considerable volume of legal business. We had last year 345,672 industrial accidents, and 52,251 claims for compensation to be handled. The attorney general would have a right to wear a sour face if all the legal points involved were loaded upon him and no new facilities afforded his office.

But the proposed amendments do not content themselves with the negative work of lopping off services. "There shall be in such department (of labor) such heads of divisions or bureaus and such inspectors, investigators, statisticians and other assistants and employees as the commissioners shall deem necessary. The head of a division or bureau and the referees appointed pursuant to this chapter shall be deemed to occupy a confidential position, and may therefore be appointed *without competitive examination.*" The corresponding offices at present are subject to competitive examina-

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tion. How many jobs may thus be created for Republicans fit to occupy a "confidential position" can not now be known, as it all rests with the commissioner yet to be named. But the following paragraph states that "the commissioner may transfer officers or employees from their position to other positions in the department, or abolish or consolidate such positions. The commissioner may remove from office any officer or employee in the department." We may be unduly literal, but we can not read into these two sentences any other meaning but that every one of the twelve hundred employees in the department would hold office at the pleasure of the commissioner. Possibly there may be room in the department for persons whose qualifications rest upon some other basis than good Republicanism. We shall look for light on this point.

We have mentioned, incidentally, the office of referee. But we can not leave the referee with merely incidental mention. "A referee shall devote his entire time to the duties of his office and shall receive an annual salary to be fixed by the commissioner." Note that he falls into the "confidential" class and does not need to stand competitive examination or exhibit any qualification for the office. "It shall be the duty of a referee, under the supervision of the industrial board, to hear and determine all claims for compensation under the workmen's compensation law. . . . The decision of a referee on such a claim shall be deemed the decision of the industrial board from the date of the filing thereof, unless the industrial board, on its own motion or on application duly made to it, modify such decision."

Those of sublime faith in the purity of political human nature will see in this referee system a happy device for canalizing the flood of claims that have been pouring in upon the industrial commission. Others will bear in mind that industrial accidents present a host of cases in which there is conflict of interest between a workman without political influence, hazy as to his rights, his normal economic weakness accentuated by mutilation, and an employer, competent, wide awake to his interests and politically powerful. And the referees, holding office at the pleasure of a political commissioner, are expected to do justice though the heavens (i. e. their jobs) fall. Of course there is a road open to appeal, to the partisan commission of three. The employer, certainly, will not let any unjust referee decisions stand. But the workman, in the nature of the case helpless and hopeless, would be far more likely to let the referee's decision stand, even if it gave him only a small part of what he had a right to receive.

There are other provisions in these proposed amendments that might deserve comment, such as the abdication of the power to enforce the labor laws, outside of the cities, to the local board of health or health commissioners, who will certainly not always enforce them against the powerful. But we are not so much concerned with the details of these proposed amendments, which may be radically changed in the course of legislative debates, as with the light they shed upon the nature of the political reaction which dominates not New York alone but the greater part of our industrial states.

That reaction would, if it could, pull down the whole structure of legislation safeguarding labor standards. Nobody can doubt that under the provisions cited above, the administration of our factory inspection and workingmen's compensation laws would be subject to grave deterioration under the influence of economically powerful groups. No one can doubt that this is deliberately intended. Why should it not be? All prudent individuals give lip service to the ideals of democracy, but among these professed democrats are many who honestly believe that the ideal social organization is one in which the masses are kept in complete dependence upon the classes of superior station and are made to know their place. Every established standard helps to break the charm of dependence, and should therefore be destroyed or administered out of existence. Such were the ideals of the late Senator Platt, whom the masses of New York delighted to honor with sovereign power over the fortunes of the state. And such, it is now evident, are the ideals of Judge Miller, whom the New York masses elevated to the supreme office at their command. He may be counted on to do his best to give them their reward.

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Meagre and Hollow, But Crisp

THE subject of our little discourse this afternoon is present-day Snarks and how to know them. It is in the nature of a curtain raiser to the actual drama that is to come, and the exposition is necessarily lightly done so as to whet our appetite for the solid fare of the chief demonstration which is to begin promptly at noon on March 4th. From choice one takes for the preliminary exhibit but one of the five unmistakable marks

> By which you may know, wheresoever you go,
> The warranted genuine Snarks.
>
> . . . . The first is the taste,
> Which is meagre and hollow, but crisp:
> Like a coat that is rather too tight in the waist,
> With a flavour of Will-o-the-wisp.

When Mr. Harding reached St. Augustine and began the grand tour of the nine-hole golf courses that now mark the languid progress of the Indian River toward the ultramarine sea, he said, as reported by the veracious correspondents who accompany him on his travels, "Here, I leave my troubles behind me."

The price of your subscription to this journal, or even the purchase of a single copy, entitles you to join my personally conducted party to the scene of these troubles. We will meet them face to face. We will talk with them. I can take you to the exact spot. If you are interested, step on the magic carpet and come with me to lattitude 38° 53′ 20.4″ north and longitude 77° 00′ 35.7″ west from Greenwich. We are now on a small plateau 88 feet above the level of the Potomac river. It is called by the natives simply The Hill.

Here is a great building with a dome crowned by a bronze statue of Freedom, which is 19 feet 6 inches high and weighs 12,985 pounds. The figure is symbolic, and in consequence means various things to various persons, but with that we have no present concern. Let us hurry westward to a large room without windows. It is 113 feet 3 inches in length by 80 feet 3 inches in width, 36 feet in height and has never been properly ventilated. This cavity is the historic Senate Chamber. It is the end of our journey. It is the dwelling place of Mr. Harding's troubles, temporarily left behind, but which he will have to come back and face.

At the present time there are 49 of these troubles out of a possible 96. After March 4th the number will be increased to 59. This is but another and indirect way of enumerating the Republican Senators.

What Medicine Hat is to the weather, the senate chamber and its occupants are to Presidential woes, annoyances, conflicts—in brief, a breeding place. The political isotherms and isobars are not yet in repose but the political weather for the coming year is clearly indicated, so that the forecasters do not take much risk when they prophesy:

> Forecast—For the district of Columbia centring over the White House and Capitol after March 4th partly cloudy and uncertain, followed by variable with shifting winds. A disturbance of marked intensity seems to be forming about the Senate Chamber. An area of low barometer of great magnitude has its crest over the League of Nations and the State Department. This may mean heavy precipitation. Squalls and harrydaughertys are indicated. Sudden changes are to be looked for.

A little while ago I ventured to invade these cool and semi-detached precincts to explain that affairs at Washington moved by swift passages from one crisis to another and that this process infinitely repeated through the years had resulted in the body of revised statutes under which we live. Also it was indicated that the form of our government was such as to lead to a continuous test of strength between the President, whoever he might be, and the Senate so that the electors were called upon to combat "executive usurpation" or alternately "the overshadowing Senate." That is "normalcy." I ventured further to offer to lay eight to five on the overshadowing Senate in any contest it might have with Mr. Harding. I dare lengthen those odds to nine to two, now that that familiar crisis appears to be impending.

The Senate at this intermediate juncture seems to be crowded with public business of one sort or another. Actually it is entirely preoccupied with but one haunting question: Who will run Harding? It makes no doubt that the control will lie in the Senate. Its only inquiry is which group or element or faction in the Chamber will dominate the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue.

It was all so fair a prospect, too, such a little while ago. The Senators felt they knew Mr. Harding. He was one of them. They had found him conformable in great things as well as little.

> This was charming no doubt: but they shortly found out
> That the Captain they trusted so well,

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Had only one notion for crossing the ocean
And that was to tingle his bell.

He has thoughtful and grave—but the orders he gave
Were enough to bewilder a crew.
When he cried "Steer to starboard, but keep her head larboard!"
What on earth was the helmsman to do?

But the principal failing occurred in the sailing,
And the Bellman, perplexed and distressed,
Said he *had* hoped at least, when the wind blew due East
That the ship would *not* travel due West.

I mean to intimate that now it begins to appear he is not the sort of a man they thought he was at all. So it is that one begins to find them quoted anonymously saying: "The Senate has tasted blood. It has broken the backbone of one President and can break the back of another," and other horrendous threats. It is all very trying and perplexing to the poor dears when they thought they were going to have such a perfect cinch. The chief mutterers at this, the Indian River phase, of the progress toward the New Dawn that is to come after March 4th are the "original Harding men" in the Senate. The men who were saying a little while ago, and oh! with such relish, that they had put him over. Like Frank Tinney in London they put it over, they did—and it lay there.

Hear them as they run about and gnash their (muffled) teeth: "Did you ever see such a man? A little while ago he was all for us having the biggest navy ever, and now he tells the world that he is in favor of disarmament. A month ago when Knox and Ned McLean went out to see him at Marion he was for a big inaugural jamboree, a ball, a parade, a Mardi Gras, dancing in the streets and the whole thing. Eight votes in the negative in the two branches of Congress, and now he is keen for something simpler than Lincoln's, no outlay, no celebration, just the Chief Justice with the Washington Bible and, perhaps, a movie man or two, in the East porch of the Capitol. Will any Senator rise in his place and say I know where our beloved leader stands on the League of Nations and the Treaty of Versailles and I know where he will stand a month, or six months, from now? Echo declines to commit itself by answering. It's just one of those little things that can't be done."

So they go on perfunctorily beating their breasts and trying to work themselves up to a mild fever of excitement against the time of the irrepressible conflict between the legislative and the executive branches. They are reaching out and testing, at least some of them are, Mr. Harding's strength and his weakness. The perilous and devious manoeuvres and twistings that mark the projection of Elihu Root and Charles E. Hughes as possibilities for the post of Secretary of State are present visible outcroppings of these under-surface activities. I do not know which of them will be in the cabinet. Maybe neither of them. That would please the Senate. I take the word of that guardian of the inner portals who not long ago said to me, "If either of them is selected his friends ought to present him with a pair of brass knuckles. He will need them." My own guess is that Mr. Root would get along with the Senate better than Mr. Hughes after the initial flurry of opposition. Either one of them if nominated will be confirmed. Any Secretary of State will find the banister of his life in office full of splinters and the pedestal on which he is elevated sprinkled with broken glass. The dominant group in the Senate, if there is such a thing, has quite made up its mind to conduct the foreign affairs of this country for the next four years.

Also they are going to show Mr. Harding how to take a joke, if their present attitude means anything. Having tasted what they conceive to have been blood and finding it palatable they now talk about making it a regular part of their dietary. But as one of the joy-killers remarked the other day, "Breaking a backbone is one thing, but breaking a rubber tube is another."

But I have only to point out here in the index, as a reporter, that the Senate is now in a state of mind to have a bout of catch-as-catch-can with Mr. Harding as soon as he comes on the mat.

"Harmony is Heaven's first law," said Mr. Harding.

"It is," says the Senate. "You are a great man. Provided, however, that we interpret and enforce the law."

"I didn't quite mean that," says Mr. Harding.

"You meant that or nothing," says the Senate. "Think it over."

So there the matter rests for the moment.

And finally, brethren, does anybody present know the secret of the Borgias? Is it possible to put the Indian sign on Harry Daugherty without leaving any tracks or traces?

Certain parties in the Senate will give a liberal reward and no questions asked for the first correct answer to this problem. That offer goes double for Snarks.

For although common Snarks do no manner of harm,
Yet I feel it my duty to say

Some are Boojums——

EDWARD G. LOWRY.

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Austria: A World Problem

THE admission of Austria into the League of Nations will no doubt attract attention to this most questionable of all the creations of the Parisian treaties. The new republic of Austria, after having been chiefly heard of as the land of continuous famine and of endless misery of children, seems to have attempted, by its claim laid down in Geneva, to regain for its people of six millions and a half, an acknowledgement of equal partnership in international life. On the other hand, it would be a mistake to deduce from this step that the present League of Nations has found any popularity with the Austrian people. Here, as in Germany, the Covenant of Paris is regarded as a construction merely meant to safeguard the literal meaning of the peace dictates with all their iniquitous and primitive clauses. Only a very small circle of men, united in the Austrian League of Nations Union, believe in the great ideal representing the basis of the Covenant, and hope that in spite of all its defects, it will be developed into a living and insuperable force for the reconstitution of Europe and the whole world.

But general public opinion here has been deeply influenced by the fact that Germany has declined to apply for admission to the League of Nations. More and more the great masses of the Austrian people, especially in the metropolis, Vienna, are in despair because of their republican form of government which they consider the principal cause of the prolongation of the famine and all the misery and agony peculiar to this country for so many years of war and blockade, of armistice and dictated peace.

No doubt, this *is* indeed the question of life and death for poor German Austria: Can it altogether live as an independent state and nation? Can this federation of seven small Alpine countries with Vienna, the former metropolis of an empire of more than fifty millions of people, earnestly entertain hopes for a prosperous future? The "big four," when they inserted in the Peace Treaty that single clause, vetoing the amalgamation of Germany proper with German Austria, obviously answered that question in the affirmative. The Austrian parties and their leaders from the beginning replied most emphatically in the negative. The history of the Austrian Republic since the armistice, supports the popular feeling of the impossibility of a healthy development of this isolated new commonwealth in the very heart of the continent.

Remaining independent by the command of the statesmen who dictated the peace without a thorough knowledge of the economic, social and financial structure of Austria, means for this country absolute isolation from its neighbors, no free access to the sea, and utter economic helplessness. It also means a reckless exploitation by all foreigners, unavoidable for a country without coal and with an old industry, a country which has no sufficient market for its products and which is unable to buy raw material abroad because of its worthless money; a country, which because of its mountainous character is unable to feed the millions of its industrial workers from its own resources, having no financial credit left in consequence of its expenses for the war, and furthermore a nation crushed by those gloomy clauses of the Peace Treaty dealing with reparation and payment of war and pre-war debts; finally, a country shaken in its social and political foundations by the mutual effects of revolution and of an unparalleled inflation of a totally depreciated paper currency. No wonder that this republic, created because of the anxiety the victorious Powers felt before a "Greater Germany," surrounded by the national resentment of Czechs, Magyars, Jugoslavs, was not able to cope with that torrent of political and financial problems besetting it from the beginning. And so, unavoidably, the strongest desire awoke in the people and grew incessantly, to get rid of that independence and sovereignty meted out to German Austria in St. Germain, and to become again what it always had been, a humble part of a great political and economic unit.

It is only natural that general public opinion in this country conceived that wish exclusively as the union of Austrian Germans with their own race and its territory, with Germany. The recollection that Austria had been a member of the German Confederation until 1866 when Bismarck ejected it, is still alive in the older generations. Moreover, the feeling of national unity has been constantly strengthened during the last fifty years of the existence of the Hapsburg Empire, years filled with the incessant strife of Austrian Germans against all the other nationalities living in their country. Finally, the solemn proclamation of the principle of national self-determination as the basis of the peace of Europe in President Wilson's messages, had kindled the hopes of all classes in German Austria that the end of the Hapsburg Empire would bring to them reunion with their own race forever. The determined denial of this principle by the

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Peace Treaty in the case of Austria was, of course, the severest shock to all Austrian parties, and this fact has remained the decisive element in the whole complex of economic and political questions which at present must be called the problem of Austrian existence.

I do not intend to analyze this problem here by asking whether fusion of Austria with Germany is indeed the only possible way out of the misery of Austria and especially of Vienna, as they are at present constituted. And I shall not discuss whether it is the right way, considered from an economic and financial point of view. As long as the predominance of France on the European continent remains undisputed, it seems useless to deliberate on the merits of that veto against a united Greater Germany which appears to be one of the cardinal principles of French foreign policy after the downfall of the Central Empires. But on the other hand, it is no less evident that the great Powers, which in supporting this policy of their French ally hindered the Austrian people from forming their political destiny according to their own will, have thereby assumed the responsibility for independent Austria's possibility to live. Any unbiassed English or American statesman, who could see things as they now are in Austria after two years of struggling life as an independent republic, would necessarily come to the conclusion that if the Peace Treaty of St. Germain is to be kept in vigor, Austria must receive substantial help by the Powers vetoing its fusion with Germany, so that it can survive—that in the literal sense of the word—its people can *survive* that terrible starvation into which it has been plunged deep by the war but much deeper by the peace.

And coincident with financial help the Powers must earnestly attempt to break those walls by which the direct successor-states encircling Austria have isolated it and have broken up the great free trade area represented up to 1918 by the great Austro-Hungarian monarchy of which they all were parts. Viewed from this standpoint the European character of the Austrian problem becomes clear. Indeed, the recovery of the whole of central Europe from the war and its consequences is impossible, if Austria and, above all, if its metropolis of two millions of inhabitants, Vienna, one of the oldest and most active centres of modern civilization, is delivered to decay, pauperism and wholesale starvation. From month to month it becomes more and more clear, that the economic recovery of the whole of Europe is indissolubly connected with the reconstruction of that part of the continent which represents the orbit of the former Central Empires. And more than this: because of the fact that the economic prosperity of the United States stands linked with the prosperity of Europe, the solution of the Austrian problem is undoubtedly of deep interest to the great republic on the other side of the Atlantic.

In old times the existence of Austria as the defense of civilized mankind from the dangers threatening from the East, from Mongolian and Turkish imperialism, formed a capital asset to western and middle Europe. In our age, when—rightly or wrongly—the economic interests, the economic prosperity of the modern industrial and commercial world are the decisive political force, the absolute ruin of economic and social life in any one part of that great community of cultured nations endangers, sooner or later, every nation, even the most powerful. Because Austria in past centuries more than once defended European safety, at this time not only the western Powers of Europe but also that great western bulwark of liberty and progress, the people of the United States of America, should be interested in the fate of the starving and tottering communities of middle and eastern Europe and in the first steps in the reconstruction of Austria.

There is no doubt that the World War has brought full evidence of the organic solidarity of the whole modern society of nations as the fundamental principle upon which the moral and material prosperity of mankind in future depends. History sufficiently explains this fact. Whereas by the force of the feudal principle Europe in mediaeval times was divided into innumerable small political entities, with the help of new ideas in science and of general culture, modern economic life brought about the formation of large political units. This tendency in the Europe of the nineteenth century led to the consolidation of a few big national empires, like modern Germany and Italy. The Austrian Empire, uniting more than fifty millions of people belonging to eight or nine different nationalities, represented this modern tendency of political and economic integration in a totally different, though very remarkable, manner.

However one may criticize or condemn the political aims and methods of the Hapsburg dynasty, nobody can overlook the great service which their imperialism has rendered to Europe by drawing so many different smaller nations into a lasting union, overcoming their racial animosities and creating a large area of internal peace which was of mutual support to all parts of the Empire, and which tended toward economic progress and general civilization. In this way, besides the big national empire of Europe, a sort of imperial League of Nations was created over a wide area, a po-

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litical unit, which in the nineteenth century became the basis of one of the great industrial Powers of this continent. Though very defective in its political structure and weakened by the inability of its monarchical rulers to supply those political institutions which would have made the old empire, instead of a unit held together by force, a true league or federation of nations, still the Austro-Hungarian Empire has become a most important part of the modern economic and social system of Europe. The mere mechanical dissection of this empire by the victorious dictators of the Parisian Peace Treaties, therefore, must be regarded as the most portentous consequence of the great war. It means a very serious backward step in relation to the integration of Europe and of the solidarity of all civilized nations, which I mentioned before as the principle of political, economic and moral progress in the modern world.

The whole political and economic history of the young successor-states carved out of the territories of the old empire, shows very clearly how much their development is damaged by their common policy of separating themselves by high walls which prohibit trade and traffic. Moreover that great system of central European economic life, which was built up in the half century following the formation of the German Empire has been completely destroyed. An area of free trade, burdened only by reasonable fiscal duties, fixed in the commercial treaties concluded by Germany and Austria-Hungary and affecting more than 120 millions of people, has been dissolved, and thereby the whole commercial connection between them and the great industrial and trade centres of western Europe has been annihilated. As long as this state of things prevails no recovery of central European economic life is possible, moreover no recovery of the trade depression, prevailing at present in France, Great Britain and in the United States can be expected. Whoever contemplates this result of the war, of the blockade and of the Parisian Peace Treaties with an open mind, must be convinced that the great Powers of Europe and the American nation are alone able to cope with this most dangerous situation into which civilized mankind has been irresistibly drawn.

But of all those states immediately concerned in the crushing defeat of the former Central Empires none is more unhappy, none weaker and none more paralyzed in its whole moral and economic life than the Republic of German Austria. Here the great sin of the mechanical destruction of the old, vigorous union of a large part of middle and eastern Europe, becomes terribly patent even to those who refused to see it in the beginning. But not less clear appears what I should like to call the sacred duty of those Powers, those nations which are able by their own will and by their own means alone, to give sufficient and productive help. It seems to me especially to be a sacred charge to the people of the United States to lend their most powerful help to that part of Europe which has organized itself for the first time in history in a republican and democratic form, modeled after the old republican nations of the western world. In this part of Europe, Austria and its old capital, Vienna, are still, in spite of new frontiers on all sides, a centre of European culture of the first rank and of far-reaching importance. The solution of the recent Austrian problem is of vital interest to democracy and to republican ideas all over the world. I hope I shall be permitted to explain in another article the practical methods which should be employed for the assistance which should be given to us by the people of the western democracies of Europe and by the people of the United States.

JOSEPH REDLICH.

Vienna, Austria.

Poetry in Borrowed Plumage

WHEN Whistler's cunning hand painted the elongated figure of the lady in his La Princesse du Pays Porcelaine and when he devised his subtle color harmonies it is not likely that he realized he was pointing the way for a school of poetry that was to follow. At the time, one great critic accused him of having flung a paint box in the face of the public. But critic and public alike came to be amazed at Whistler's magic and turned with curiosity to look at his avowed model—the hitherto despised Japanese Print. The blaze of color which illuminates contemporary poetry is the result of that curiosity.

It seems like a far cry from the Ukioje Prints distributed as broadsides in the streets of the Yedo more than two centuries ago to Miss Amy Lowell now writing colorful poetry at Chestnut Hill, yet the connection is remarkably clear. At first the Print was accepted with amusement by the occident. Typical was Captain Sherard Osborne's amazing comment when he declared in 1861 that "Even the humble artists of that land (Japan) have become votaries of the beautiful and in such efforts as the one annexed (a Print by Hokusai!) have striven to do justice to the scenery. Their appreciation of the picturesque is far in advance, good souls, of their power of pencil"!

But, beginning with Whistler, the tide turned sharply and by the time Edmond de Goncourt

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published his study of Utamaro in 1891 the artistic value of the Print was established. Poole's index shows the trend of public interest. Between 1815 and 1899 there were seven articles or reviews on Japanese art published in the standard magazines. The following years show:

Between 1900 and 1904.....15
1905 and 1909.....16
1910 and 1914.....44

and amongst these the Japanese Print preëmpted more than its fair share of space. Now the days of the tower of ivory are past. Poets are affected by what touches their fellow men and they too had their attention focussed upon the orient. Witter Bynner, Arthur Davison Ficke, and Eunice Tietjens actually made trips to China. Ficke wrote a book on the Japanese Print, Lawrence Binyon on Eastern Art as a whole; Amy Lowell studied the East very deeply and she is an avowed admirer of Japanese Print Art, and Fenellosa's notes on the Japanese Noh fell into the hands of Ezra Pound.

The profound influence that oriental poetry has had upon that of the occident is well known, but the Japanese Print, although it belongs to the graphic arts, had an influence as farreaching. It is worthy of note that the years between 1910 and 1914 when forty-four articles on Japanese art were published were the formative years of the important Imagist group. Imagists could not help but be interested in the Print and their interest is reflected in their poetry.

H. D.'s much quoted Oread is an interesting example.

Whirl up, sea—
Whirl your pointed pines,
Splash your great pines
On our rocks,
Hurl your green over us,
Cover us with your pools of fir.

Now the analogy between firs and sea waves is excellent but it is not one which would ordinarily stand out sharply. Waves *slide up* and *whirl down*. But the conventionalized art of the print in treating waves invariably catches them stiffly at the moment before they break, and at that moment their similarity to the pines is very close. Perhaps the print furnished the transitional step which led the artist to connect the two.

Other cases might be cited. Miss Amy Lowell has given us a whole series of poems, her Lacquer Prints, the inspiration of which, if not the technique came very obviously from the Japanese Prints. And one at least of her group—

Being thirsty
I filled a cup with water,
But, behold! Fuji-yama lay upon the water,
Like a dropped leaf.

was based upon a particular print by Hokusai. Also the title of her latest book, Pictures of the Floating World, is a translation of the Japanese word for the print art—Ukioje.

But the Japanese Print has had a more fundamental effect upon contemporary poetry. It is probably chiefly responsible for the present day interest in colorism. Analyzing the charm of the Japanese Print it could be seen to rest upon two main points, first an exquisite linear sense with a consequent subtle space-breaking and design, and second, upon color:—dazzling blacks and yellows or subdued lavenders, always delicately harmonized. And of these two points, color was the most obvious.

Being interested then in the Japanese Print and being unrestrained by a formalistic conception of pure art, nothing was more natural than that the poets should attempt to turn to their own use what they saw was so effective in another art—color value. Save for the brief Aesthetic Period of the nineties (where also the color interest can be traced largely to oriental causes) we have never had such emphasis upon color as among our contemporaries.

One of the distinct characteristics of the modernist is his reliance upon colorism. In Richard Aldington, always a delicate and restrained poet, we can find a subtle manifestation of it. For example let us take—

OCTOBER
The beech-leaves are silver
For lack of the tree's blood;
At your kiss my lips
Became like the silver beech-leaves.

There is nothing gaudy nor obviously coloristic about this, but notice that the whole meaning of the poem lies in the contrasted words silver and blood (with its connotation of red). A more typical, because less subtle, example is to be found in Miss Babette Deutsch's poem called The New Dionysiac.

With a red veil
They have bound the brows of the hills;
And filled the night
With torches and triumph, with laughter and lifted knees.

The contrasting of red with black (connoted in night) is dear to the modernist. But colorism has found its greatest exponent in Miss Amy Lowell. Her Can Grande's Castle from the first line

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"blue as the tip of a salvia blossom" to the last "the fire of the sun" is opulent with color. The effect of the volume as a whole is almost dazzling. But the richness of any individual passage is traceable in large measure to color. Notice that in

> A lady, going to the bath to lie for an hour in the crimson and wine-red reflections of a marble chamber, to glide over a floor of green and white stones into a carraran basin, where the green and blue water will cover her rose and blue-veined flesh with a slipping veil

out of thirty-nine words (excluding connectives and articles) twelve are inherently color words or, as in the case of reflections, connote it as Miss Lowell uses them.

This color interest, as we have seen, was stimulated by the Japanese Print. But having served as the primary impulse, the Print could do no more. It could not serve as a model, for, while a few prints relied upon color contrast, the basis of the art was rather color harmonization. Words which are the medium of poetry proved incapable of reproducing this harmonization, but could give color contrast. Therefore the poets had to seek elsewhere for their models. Obvious contrasts, of course, they did not need to be taught. Of the less obvious and more complex color schemes it seems likely that, if there were any particular model, it was the Russian Ballet.

The linear effects of Japanese Prints being so unusual to the occidental eye have startled western poets into an awareness that there is such a thing as linear effect. The drawing of our own art being more "natural" (that is, perfectly in accord with familiar conventions) the poets had tended to overlook the fact that it existed. The Print stirred them from this indifference and there has been some faint result in contemporary poetry. It has been a very mild result, however, color having preëmpted the greatest attention. As an example of the other we might take the opening of Mark Turbyfill's poem, Shapes

> Let us deliberately sit into design
> With these elephant ears
> Stretched from the glazed pot
> Into green wax consciousness.

It is hard to imagine a Victorian etching his poem with such pencil-stroke lines. The inspiration of such poetry (although the only proof of this is the lack of proof to the contrary) I am inclined also to attribute to the Japanese Print.

The Ukioje art, aside from its general influence upon color and line, has been of positive value to contemporary poetry in still another way—in its effect on the tone of certain poems. John Gould Fletcher's volume, Japanese Prints, is typical of this.

Very few of the poems in this volume are drawn from actual Prints, but all of them have the peculiar gracefulness, the slight, delicate quality of the Japanese. It is a spiritual affinity, Fletcher reproducing effectively the spiritual tone of the print in another medium.

> COURT LADY STANDING UNDER A CHERRY TREE
> She is an iris,
> Dark purple, pale rose
> Under the gnarled boughs
> That shatter their stars of bloom.
> She waves delicately
> With the movement of a tree.
> Of what is she dreaming?
> Of long nights lit with orange lanterns,
> Of wine cups, and compliments and kisses of the two sword men.
> And of dawn when weary sleepers
> Lie outstretched on the mats of the palace,
> And of the iris stalk that is broken in the fountain.

Here we have all the traditional décor of the Japanese Print: the iris, the gnarled tree, orange lanterns, and the lady and the daimio compressed into one poem without any sense of confusion; "she waves delicately" moreover is an inspired rendering of the Ukioje woman. The tone is preserved, but Fletcher goes farther, for mere décor cannot make poetry. He gives us very definitely the character and the mood of the lady as well. Another poem, The Clouds, more closely approaches the pure Print quality.

> Although there was no sound in all the house,
> I could not forbear listening for the cry of those long white rippling waves
> Dragging their strength to break on the sullen beach of the sky.

Fletcher's is the only complete volume of the tone affinity type which has yet been published but there are numerous poems of the same class. Mr. Walter Solomon has published a series of Images Japonaises which are very delicate poems of this type. Here is one of his best:

> MYTH OF SNOWFALL
> It is told that Tsuraya
> Dreaming that the heavens were dripping stars,
> Woke to find the temples and hills
> Topped with silver at dawn.

A certain fragility of spirit and vividness of color—they are two valuable qualities to draw from one source. Not so many of our poets have caught the delicate flavor of the prints as have been guided by them to a realization of the magic

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that lies in the color and surface texture of things. A few have been misguided into the belief that there is nothing beneath the surface,—but that is not an error into which the rather ponderously thoughtful Anglo-Saxon mind is apt to fall too deeply. There was a time when some poets wrote madrigals on their lady's nose and at present there are some who attempt to poetize even the color on a dying fish. Fortunately, even poets have a sense of humor, and the recovery from that sort of thing should be speedy, in fact is already largely accomplished.

And English poetry is left with a new power of vision. By necessity in the graphic arts the painter sees in terms of color and of form. Hitherto in poetry there has been a tendency to blur form by indistinct images and not to make the most of color. But our contemporaries by turning to one of the graphic arts, the Japanese Print, for inspiration have tried to correct this. In a sense the influence of the Prints represents a confusion of artistic frontiers—but who cares? A luxuriant beauty of color is our reward for crossing the forbidden barrier.

ROYALL SNOW.

To a Poet that Died Young

Minstrel, what have you to do
With this man that after you,
Sharing not your happy fate,
Sat as England's Laureate?
Vainly in these iron days
Strives the poet in your praise,
Minstrel, by whose singing side
Beauty walked, until you died.

Still, though none should hark again,
Drones the blue-fly in the pane,
Thickly crusts the blackest moss,
Blows the rose its musk across,
Floats the boat that is forgot
None the less to Camelot.

Many a bard's untimely death
Lends unto his verses breath;
Here's a song was never sung:
Growing old is dying young.
Minstrel, what is this to you:
That a man you never knew,
When your grave was far and green,
Sat and gossipped with a queen?

Thalia knows how rare a thing
Is it, to grow old and sing.
When the brown and tepid tide
Closes in on every side;
Who shall say if Shelley's gold
Had withstood it to grow old?

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

Social Absolutism

THE writer's ignorance is such that he is unacquainted with the works of Ratzel. His curiosity was stirred and if the truth be told his wrath also, by a quotation from Ratzel he recently read. This said that a "philosophy of the human race worth its name must be charged with the conviction that all existence is one—a single conception sustained from beginning to end upon one identical law." It sounds rather metaphysical, and like a somewhat discredited Teutonic metaphysics at that. But it must have some immediate pertinence. For it is found (I regret to say it) in an advertisement of Wells's new world history published in the journal for which this article is written. Wells's book is inaccessible where this is written. It is accordingly impossible to tell how far the book agrees in spirit with the dictum of Ratzel. But Wells can hardly be wholly innocent. For the following words are quoted from him:—"History is no exception amongst the sciences; as the gaps fill in, the outline simplifies; as the outlook broadens, the multitude of details dissolves into general laws."

Now I make bold to say that this isn't science. It is the Victorian view of science which is the same as saying that it is the semi-literary, semi-sentimental, semi-moral, popular view of science, that was fashionable in the days when it was found necessary to appeal to science in order to repair the ravages wrought by science in popular beliefs. Historically it descends from the day when Sir Isaac Newton threw the mantle of deism about the physical universe. It required Spencer with his conception of evolution fully to domesticate the idea in the English mind. Or, rather, we may say it took the Tennysonian mind to rescue evolution from its bad repute, and to capture the doctrine and set it to work in behalf of popular credulous optimism. It is no wonder that in words omitted in the passage quoted from Ratzel, the latter says that the philosophy of the human race "must begin with the heavens and descend to earth." He perhaps was thinking of the astronomical heavens. But in fact the doctrine, even in its milder Wellsian form, began in the theological heavens, and then descended to mundane affairs.

However, we must not rely even upon the odium anti-theologicum. The doctrine might conceivably be true in spite of its origin, when it is applied to nature and history. But, oh, the remoteness of the doctrine that as we learn more facts, the outline simplifies: the vague remoteness of the plea that as science learns more facts, the multitude of details dissolves into general laws! That is pre-

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cisely, according to the work of every existing living science, what doesn't happen. As known details multiply, we discover laws by which we formulate them and we also find laws by which to tie laws together. Some uniformity is conceivable for every discovered and discoverable detail. That much holds good. But such a statement is radically perverted when it is thought to mean that facts dissolve into general laws. We might as well say that when we find streets by which to find our way about in clumps upon clumps of houses, the houses dissolve into the streets; it is because the houses are obdurately there that we have to make streets; and it is because facts exist in such irregular thickets that we have to use every possible clew to introduce some kind of formulation, that is, of uniformity. If one wants a rough criterion for marking off the old popular view of science from the actual work of science he can find it here. Does exposition proceed on the assumption that concrete facts melt away into laws which then melt into more general laws? Then we are in the face of a period when thought was ruled by imported pre-scientific notions "which began in the heavens." Or do we find law treated as a descriptive formula for facts, so that there is a multitude of laws terminating in the same fact, according to the point of view from which it is described? Then science is speaking in its own voice.

This is dogmatically said, and it can hardly be proved without a long technical treatise quite out of place. But it is worth saying dogmatically if only to induce a reader to question that assumption which makes it easy for him to assume a unitary and absolutistic point of view when he approaches human history. It is, to speak moderately, a little unfortunate that such a saying as that of Wells is contemporary with the relativity doctrine of Einstein which substitutes for the neat, smooth, well-ordered world of Newton a world which is full of puckers and skews. Mechanics has always been the stronghold of the facts—dissolving-into-law notions, and it now appears probable that the science of mechanics has much more to do with our way of approaching and measuring facts than it has to do with nature.

We are interested, however, in the conception in its bearing upon human history and society. In this application, it appears that the doctrine is simply a "rationalization" of social monism, that is, of the attempt to impose a single movement upon history and a single law and rule upon man. One may sympathize with a longing for some state which shall reduce international anarchy to order, and enable harmonious intercourse to take the place of war. But even here it makes a mighty difference whether the super-state is something into which the multitude of nations is to "dissolve," or whether it is a descriptive formulation of conditions under which the multitude of local states, provinces, towns, villages, and other human groups may follow more securely their own careers, and voluntarily engage in undisturbed and fruitful conversation with each other. For the only conversation in which participants "dissolve" is the one in which some tyrant bore monopolizes discourse, while voices melt into monotony.

Mr. Wells long ago accused Americans of not being state-minded. He was right. We are (or were before the war seized us and we evolved a fair imitation of the British Dora) so far from being state-minded that we didn't even know exactly what Mr. Wells meant. It took the war and the Versailles project of a League of Nations to teach us; or we should have unanimously replied that the charge was not an accusation but a compliment. Not that the state isn't upon the whole a respectable and needed institution, but that to become state-minded instead of socially-minded is to become a fanatic, a monomaniac, and thus to lose all sense of what the state is. For a state which shall give play to diversity of human powers is a state in which the multitude of human groups and associations do *not* dissolve. It is a mechanism, up to the present a rather clumsy one, for arranging terms of interplay among the indefinite diversity of groups in which men associate and through active participation in which they become socially-minded.

There is no doubt that politics is a more reputable career than average American esteem makes it out to be, for the trained mechanic is needed in every pursuit. We have taken our cue too much from those untrained in political mechanics and skilled in personal preferment. But our depreciatory estimate of politics is nearer the truth than a glorification of a state of social unity and law in which concrete human beings dissolve. Such sayings are still dogmatism rampant. But they are intended to sharpen the issue, to make alternatives clear. For the alternatives are either variety and experiment or a single conception of life sustained from beginning to end upon one identical law. Those who like the latter kind of thing will go on liking it. But the average man is entitled to become clear upon what he likes, and to become aware of where a choice is taking him. What the average American has practically liked in the past is clear enough in spite of our failure to make it clear to ourselves intellectually. We have believed in live and let live, in giving every-

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thing a show, in an easy toleration, in at least a passive good will. It was not hard to believe in those things and think we were living up to them as long as we had plenty of room in which to give everybody a chance. Now we awake to a discovery that we are crowded within and pushed from without. We find that if we are not to be hypocrites we must fight with intelligence and art for the things which in the past were given us by nature and fortune. We must become conscious of the principle upon which we have unconsciously acted. We have talked a great deal about democracy, and now for the first time we have to make an effort to find out what it is. We must, if you please, discover a social philosophy in order to clarify social activities.

We may choose a philosophy of unity of existence which exhibits a single conception borne up upon one law. We may search history for evidence of the one conception and law. But in that case we should know what we are doing. We are making a breach with all the impulses which have urged us in the past. We are turning to some form of social absolutism. The varieties of social absolutism are not exhausted in the divine right of kings nor in the Prussianism which we told ourselves we were fighting to destroy. The idea is capable of Protean forms. At the present time there is one militantly active form of this philosophy of one movement in history and one law in society entrenched in Russia. Foreign opinion has been so distracted by all kinds of minor issues and reports, largely lies, that it has failed to grasp the situation in its simplicity. The one end of history is the abolition of classes through the institution of communism by a dictatorship, not of the proletariat but of intellectuals representing a dumb and stupid proletariat. The one law of history is strife, internal conflict, civil war of classes. This is not any longer a theory of Marx expounded in manifestoes and books. It is a creed in action, a creed held with intense religiously fanatic fervor. The Marxian reading of Hegel in its monism, its absolutism and its conviction that all movement comes by internal strife, is embodied in Bolshevik Russia today. One does not have to meet Lenin; one has only to meet any intelligent Russian of the Bolshevist faith to know how ultimate, fierce and integral is this faith. For the Bolshevists know what they mean when they reserve their deepest contempt for democracy, even though they know even less than, say, we Americans what democracy really means, its essential pluralism, experimentalism, and consequent toleration.

It requires either hypocrisy, an innocence which is the dupe of hypocrisy, or else a faith equal to that of the Bolshevists and, informed by an opposite philosophy, to declare one's adherence to democracy, after the outcome of a war declared to have been a war in behalf of democracy. On the face of things the opponents of democracy, whether capitalistic or Bolshevistic or imperialistic have the best of the situation. Yet it may be that the best thing which can happen to the ideal of democracy is to be put on the defensive. For then it will no longer remain a vague optimism, a weak benevolent aspiration, at the mercy of favorable circumstances. It may become a compact, aggressive and realistic intelligence directing circumstance. Such an idea will recognize that its one great enemy is the hankering of men for unity of existence, aim and law in whatever form it may offer itself. It will recognize the infinite variety of human nature, and the infinite plurality of purposes for which men associate themselves together. It will recognize that progress is never in one line, but comes when a variety of things move along together. It will take its stand on the conviction that this movement comes about by many-sided interaction in which lee-way is given each force and principle for an experimental development. It will distrust every emancipation of the masses from above whether coming from a benevolent capitalism or a proletariat dictatorship.

These are generalities. A single specific illustration may be given. If one adopts the belief in unity of purpose and law in social matters but is opposed to the Bolshevist-Marxian gospel, then the policy of Clemenceau, Millerand and Wilson regarding Russia is right. It is the plain fact that this philosophy commits those who hold it to encouraging revolution and civil war in every country. The dictators of Russia are neither insincere nor cloudy-minded. They know and mean what they believe. Hence the rival social absolutist will declare for war on Russia; or, failing that, complete non-intercourse and blockade. He will declare for suppression, censorship and espionage at home; or, failing that, for a campaign of villification and emotional terrorism. In so doing he is of course playing the Bolshevist game and illustrating the absolutism which underlies the Bolshevist philosophy. Sympathizers with Bolshevist ideas in America who deplore the blockade and the internal campaign against communistic ideas either lack the intellectual clarity of the real Bolshevists or are laughing in their sleeves. Otherwise they would welcome the confirmation these things give of the Bolshevist philosophy.

In other words, while there are no signs of conversion of America to Bolshevism, there are signs of decay of democracy and of unconscious adoption

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of some form of social absolutism. For if we believe in democracy we shall believe in the right of that vast group of human beings known as Russians to make their own experiments, to learn their own lessons in their own way. We shall be confident of their ultimate failure, at home and abroad, in just the degree in which we have an intelligent command of democratic ideas and methods, but we shall also believe that no group of human beings ever goes wholly wrong,and that along with the ultimate bankruptcy of Marxian absolutism there will develop many contributions of positive value to the problems of a better ordering of life, and we shall be anxious to learn and adopt these social lessons. Any other policy means that we are encouraging a capitalistic social absolutism in opposing a proletarian absolutism.

JOHN DEWEY.

Industrial Democracy and Gunmen

THE issue in West Virginia—the perennial issue—can be clearly stated in a non-controversial way. Governor Cornwell in his 1921 Message to the Legislature has so stated it:

> All the industrial trouble this state has had within the past two years, all the troubles in fact, it has ever had, have been over the question of unionizing non-union fields. It is no use to conceal the fact that industrial troubles will occur, in all probability, so long as part of the coal fields are union and part of them non-union. When the United Mine Workers called a general strike of all bituminous coal miners on the first day of November, 1919, all the union mines in the state—in fact, in the whole country—were closed . . . . The non-union mines continued to work—worked full and to the limit—because the union mines being closed the railroads were able to give the non-union mines a full car supply. That strike and its failure, due more to the operation of the non-union mines than to the injunction granted by Judge Anderson, did two things: First: It made the United Mine Workers' officials determined to unionize the non-union fields before calling another general coal strike. Second: It made the operators and not a few of the miners in the non-union fields determined to keep the union out of the non-union fields.

Governor Cornwell here refers to the Williamson, Pocahontas, Tug River and Logan fields, and to a portion of the New River field. He refers to such counties as Mingo, Mercer, Logan and McDowell. The coal operators agree with him as to the strategic importance of these districts, some of them "in the very cream of the Appalachian coal basin." They speak affectionately of these non-union fields as "a reserve spot in the nation's coal industry where a supply will be forthcoming despite the strike and shutdown orders of the United Mine Workers of America."

The Williamson Coal Operators Association of West Virginia, who are waging the Mingo County fight against the union, publish their estimate of the four West Virginia fields as having an annual production of 40,000,000 tons—5,000,000 tons of it in Mingo; 10,000,000 in Logan; 20,000,000 in Pocahontas and Tug River; 5,000,000 in Raleigh and Fayette counties—eight per cent of the total annual coal production. These same Williamson Coal Operators published an advertisement in the Globe of New York, on August 27, 1920. It was aimed at the "general public," and was entitled Your Winter's Coal. In part it said:

> We will presume no difficulty on your part in recalling the hardships when the United Mine Workers closed all the mines under their control in November-December, 1919. We doubt not that you will recall that the Williamson and adjoining non-union fields furnished you your almost total supply of coal during that crucial time. Now then, for an open secret. The Williamson field has been chosen by the United Mine Workers as the key to the adjoining Pocahontas, Winding Gulf, Raleigh, and Logan fields in West Virginia, and the fields of eastern Kentucky. If they can make their break through this field, their chances are enlarged for subsequent supremacy in the other coal fields mentioned. Give them supremacy over this territory and they will have control of practically the entire bituminous coal production of the United States. With that control they will have easily within their grasp the power which they sought in 1919, of freezing the country into submission to the program outlined by their National Convention, of
>
> Nationalization of the coal industry:
> Cooperation instead of competition:
> Six hour day and five day week:
> The right to bargain with the government.
>
> The Williamson field and those immediately contiguous to it as enumerated above, have a production capacity of 5,000,000 tons a month or 25,000,000 tons during the five winter months . . . . These fields have the capacity of providing 25,000,000 people, or about one-fourth of the total population with their winter's fuel supply . . . . Our sole purpose in going to the public is to advise and warn the people of the possibility of fuel trouble during next winter, that they may lodge the blame therefor where it properly belongs—upon the United Mine Workers of America.

The magazine, Industry, in its issue of September 1, 1920, in an unsigned article, said of the Williamson field:—

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> It is the coal that warmed the hearths of a hundred million people during the portion of last winter, when the United Mine Workers closed all of the mines under their control to enforce their extortionate demands upon the government.

All this is true as far as it goes. But it does not explain a situation with occasional murder in it. There are other non-union districts in the United States, but they do not carry a chronic casualty list. Somerset county in southwestern Pennsylvania, for instance, mines an excellent quality of steam coal. It employs 6,000 non-union miners. It is the northern end of the Appalachian series of coal measures, and it aids in breaking any strike just as effectively as Mingo county. It feeds the eastern market with coal for steamship and industrial use. Why is Somerset county peaceful, when Mingo county is the scene of a miners' and detectives' murder trial? The reason is that an aggressive attempt to organize the non-union fields has been made in West Virginia. These attempts are met by gun-men in the pay of the coal owners.

The 1920 Republican State Platform of West Virginia says: "We deplore the abuses that have grown up under the so-called private guard or detective systems in this state." There are two practices. One is to vest the employees of a private company—either a coal company or a detective agency—with police power. The other is the practice of the sheriff of a county appointing deputy sheriffs and the coal companies paying them, for the purpose of policing the mining towns. Of these two practices, the Democratic Governor, John J. Cornwell, says in his 1921 Message to the Legislature that he has always been opposed to the private guard system. Of the deputy sheriffs, paid by coal operators, he says:—

> Those deputies act as peace officers. They are county officers, paid by private companies. It is a most undesirable system. These men are regarded more as employees of the coal companies than as sheriffs . . . When a public official is paid by individuals he immediately becomes, according to his own conscience, answerable to his real employer.

The Governor says there is need of legislation. "The first thing necessary is to eliminate the private guards and the company-paid deputy sheriff, and substitute real public officers in their stead. Then a statute should be passed to define picketing and to regulate it."

The Governor advocates this legislative action in order that "this state may not be a continuous battlefield and be perpetually held up before the country as a land of violence and of bloodshed." The private detective system resulted in ten deaths in Matewan, Mingo county, on May 19, 1920. The deputy sheriff system is in full bloom in Logan county. The operators pay $2,725 a month to the sheriff of the county. A cent a ton has been assessed, and one third of that cent goes to the sheriff system. In addition some of the deputy sheriffs are paid in part or whole by the coal companies in sums ranging around $175 a month.

In 1912, the Mining Investigation Committee, appointed by Governor Glasscock, reported on the private armed guard system as "vicious, strife prompting and un-American." In 1907, Governor M. O. Dawson said of the West Virginia mine guards:—

> They are used at some of the collieries to protect the property of owners, to prevent trespassing, and especially to prevent labor agitators and organizers of a miners' union from gaining access to the miners . . . . It is submitted in all candor that it is not to the best interests of the owners of these collieries to employ such lawless men or to justify the outrageous acts committed by them.

It is a twenty-year-old fight which the owners make in West Virginia. They say of the union that when it comes, it brings broken contracts, lessened production, strikes, sabotage, alien ideas, outside agitators, violence, unrest, a national organization of such power as to threaten the established conception of federal and local government, the beginnings of a radical movement menacing the present basis of society in profit-making and the control of industry by the business group. The union claims the right to extend its organization by sending organizers to a non-union field, to hold meetings, to exercise the right of peaceable assembly and of freedom of speech.

There are no new details in the 1920-1 tragedy in West Virginia. Evicted miners and their families have lived in tents, many years ago, as they are living now. Murders have been committed every little while, for years. The gunmen system has been officially denounced by governors and senators. It continues unimpaired. There is no reason for doubting that all the elements of distress will remain in lively ferment until, some day, the public makes up its mind whether or not a union has the right to enter an unorganized district. If it has, the suggestion of Governor Cornwell must be enacted: the elimination of private guards and company-paid deputy sheriffs. If the union must stay out of non-union districts, then the day of the dissolution of the union draws near. The conspiracy acts of Britain will then probably need to be revived and even strengthened, in order to adapt industrial democracy to the fresh requirements of, say, 1930.

ARTHUR GLEASON.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Unemployment in Canada

SIR: It may interest your readers to know what a Canadian city is doing in meeting its problem of unemployment. The City of Hamilton, in the Province of Ontario, is paying to the unemployed of the city the following sums:—

(1) Single disabled or partially disabled returned soldiers $9.00 a week.

(2) Married man with wife $13.00 a week; with family $2.35 for each child per week.

An unemployment fund has been created to which the Dominion Government contribute one third, provided that the Dominion Government Superintendent issues a certificate that his office has no employment to offer the applicant. The Government of the Province of Ontario agreed to contribute one-third to the unemployment fund and thereupon the City Council passed a by-law accepting the offer of the Federal Government and the Provincial Government, upon the conditions imposed, and approved the creation of an unemployment fund on condition that all recipients of unemployment pay shall be residents of the City of Hamilton. The by-law has been in effect since about the 14th of January, 1921, and the amount paid out by the city to the 21st of January, 1921, is approximately $12,000.00. C. J. L.

Building Houses by Cooperation

SIR: Your recent editorial entitled Letting Business Alone ably develops the idea that there has been created an absolute impasse in which most of the business men and the workers of today are suffering; and that this is due to the prevailing "rampant capitalism" and to the savage forms of public repression and regulation which have aimed to curb it.

You wisely suggest that the way out is to discover a new motive and a new method of meeting human needs; that the cooperative movement provides that method.

This is absolutely true.

The truth particularly applies today to our housing crisis. All of us recognize the value of the house-cleaning that the Lockwood Committee is administering to the building combines. We approve of the exposures and the possible indictments of both employers and labor bosses. But do we do anything further than to censure and to sentence the malefactors? Does not our interest cease when some law is finally passed as a result of such a Committee's activities? When will we learn that the housing shortage cannot be met merely by the negative investigations of reformers and the futile enactment of laws; that the need can only be met by the positive erection of houses?

In Europe, while the state and municipalities tossed back and forth to each other the responsibility of carrying out adequate housing enterprises for the thousands of their homeless citizens, and while little was ever done by their party ridden political governments, while parliaments debated the problem, and politicians conspired with real estate dealers to pillage the people, cooperators have actually built garden cities and rows upon rows of apartment houses. We have today just received a batch of prints of charming, inexpensive, home-like dwellings built with this ideal of service rather than private profit, by cooperators in Basle, Switzerland.

The same motive of service also animated the Cooperative Wholesale Society of England in its recent loan to the National Building Guild. This group of craftsmen undertook to provide homes for the homeless people of England. However, they found that for months they were completely held up. The willingness to produce is not enough today. The captains of finance still dominate the situation. When the guildsmen were ready to begin operations, they found they could neither get an insurance company to insure their building contracts, nor could they get access to a sufficient amount of raw materials. When all other agencies failed, cooperators came to their rescue. The insurance department of the Cooperative Wholesale Society insured them and also assisted them in securing building materials. This assistance could not have been possible had it not been for the resources accumulated through years and years of steady effort by the cooperative societies using the Rochdale method. According to the latest reports, the total capital of these societies in Great Britain was over $400,000,000. They did a yearly business of $1,250,000,000 and had a surplus of $88,500,000. It is to this weathered tower of economic strength, built and controlled by the consumers, that the budding group of producers turned in their need to help solve the housing shortage of England.

Fortunately for us in the United States, there are a few real cooperative housing societies operating here also. Just across the river in Forty-Third Street, Brooklyn, there are two sixteen-family apartment houses built by a group of working people. The members subscribed for the initial capital and then obtained a mortgage loan from the Cooperative Bank in Fitchburg. With the aid of this capital, they built two model apartment houses themselves, hiring whatever labor their own members could not supply. Each family has a light five-room apartment with all modern conveniences, including telephone, hot and cold water, etc., and for this each family pays an average of $26.00 a month rent into the common fund. As in all real cooperative housing plans, the property is owned by the group as a whole. Their monthly payment covers the cost of upkeep, interest, taxes, etc. Gradually, as the mortgage is paid up, the monthly assessment is reduced, until the loan is finally cancelled. Then the cooperators become the collective owners of their own homes, with all the sense of security and contentment that implies, in these days of itinerant, hectic home-seekers.

But most of us here in the United States do not follow this simple, sane course. We prefer to abuse the authorities for their failure to "do something," rather than to work with our fellows to help ourselves. If the people can afford to rent houses from landlords, they can afford to own the houses in which they live; for it is the rent they pay that largely makes it possible for the landlord to be the owner. They can make themselves the owners by paying the rent to themselves. This is the cooperative principle. The problem of adequately housing the people without private profit, without fearful insecurity, without graft, and without delay, can be solved only when the people themselves realize their power and their opportunity, and unite in their own cooperative building societies, and then proceed to supply their own needs free from the predatory landlord and the impotent state.

AGNES D. WARBASSE.

Brooklyn, New York.

The German Students' Peace League

SIR: I learn from Alfred Schneyder, president of the German Students' Peace League (Deutscher Pazifistischer Studentenbund) that the various student groups devoted to opposition to militarism and centralization in Germany are now consolidated in one.

These devoted young men are much in need of financial help for lectures and publications and like-minded people in the United States ought to aid them. Conferences and pamphlets are cheaper than battleships and more effective. A few thousand dollars spent on strengthening similar organizations from 1908 to 1914, might have saved civilization from wreckage. If Europe is yet to be reached young men of abiding principles must do the work and the rest of us should help.

Before there is a real league of nations there must be in all countries thousands of men and women in dead earnest in support of the basis on which all durable peace must stand.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Stanford University, California.

Reduction of Armaments

SIR: I certainly was pleased to see your call for Reduction of Armaments. When one thinks that 93 per cent of our national appropriations go for wars past and present and that after all it is only the ratio of your armaments to the other man's that counts, it does seem as if that supreme god (in the minds of men), the good business man would move heaven and earth to get a Conference called to consider gradual disarmament by international agreement.

Why talk about Thrift when 93 per cent of our national expenditure could be cut in halves simply by reduction in the ratio of armaments? No way of saving can approach this way. And yet the human mind says:

"Much delighted were they
But preferred the old way."
—Staggering Taxation.

E. LILTON.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

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Books and Things

FOR the past few months I have been reading slowly, almost as slowly as it deserves to be read, a new immortal book—Little Essays, Drawn from the Writings of George Santayana by Logan Pearsall Smith, with the Collaboration of the Author (Scribners). In his preface Mr. Pearsall Smith tells how this anthology was made: "Ever since I became acquainted with Mr. Santayana's writings, I have been in the habit of taking up now and then one or another of his volumes, finding in them, among many things that, being no philosopher, I did not understand, much writing like that of the older essayists on large human subjects, which seemed to me more interesting and in many ways more important than anything I found in the works of other contemporary writers. I soon fell into the way of copying out the passages that I liked, and thus I gradually formed a collection of little essays on subjects of general interest—art and literature and religion, and the history of the human mind as it has manifested itself at various times and in the works of different men of genius." "To sift, however, and rearrange these fragments, to reconstruct out of them some image in miniature of the original edifice from which I had detached them, was not a task for me to undertake—it could only be performed by the architect of the original building. Fortunately I succeeded in persuading Mr. Santayana to undertake this task; and while, therefore, the choice of these little essays is largely mine, their titles and order and arrangement, and the changes and omissions which have been made in the original texts are due, not to me, but to their author."

Other non-philosophical readers, who have long delighted in the economy and exactness of Mr. Santayana's prose, its rapidity and its leisure, its wit and fancy and victory, and who have admired not least the imaginative force which has made one thing out of so many things, these readers will agree with me, I am sure, in thanking Mr. Pearsall Smith for an anthology so happily conceived and brought forth. One illusion, the long-sought illusion that I am beginning at last to understand Mr. Santayana's wisdom, the Little Essays do not give me. But they have left an impression or two.

There are thinkers as exacting in their conciseness who have to struggle when they write, who are forced into the dust and heat in order to save each sentence alive from destruction by the less than they mean, or the more. Not Mr. Santayana. A few words, spoken with his own bright speed, and our fear of death will never be quite what it was: "What is most dreaded is not the agony of dying, nor yet the strange impossibility that when we do not exist we should suffer for not existing." Or listen to his clear note of triumph over sophistry of a certain kind: "The art of such sophistry is to choose for an axiom some ambiguous phrase which taken in one sense is a truism and taken in another is an absurdity; and then, by showing the truth of that truism, to give out that the absurdity has also been proved."

This closefitting detachment, this aloofness from the error he is examining so nearly, is not more remarkable than his imaginative nearness to the spaces that are very far off: "Facts are not wanting for these pillars of society to take solace in, if they wish to defend their philosophy. The time will come, astronomers say, when life will be extinct upon this weary planet. All the delights of sense and imagination will be over. It is these that will have turned out to be vain. But the masses of matter which the worldlings have transformed with their machinery, and carried from one place to another, will remain to bear witness of them. The collocation of atoms will never be what it would have been if their feet had less continually beaten the earth. They may have the proud happiness of knowing that, when nothing that the spirit values endures, the earth may still sometimes, because of them, cast a slightly different shadow across the craters of the moon."

Have you ever seen George Agutter, the professional at the West Side Lawn Tennis Club, holding nine or ten balls in one hand? Or do you remember that fist of Zeus which grips tight, in the woodcut familiar to our schooldays, all those forks of lightning? Sometimes Mr. Santayana lends us the illusion that we too could do the like: "Morality too often puts up with being a constraint and even imagines such a disgrace to be its essence." Sometimes the lonely words, each essential to his total meaning, come so thick that we have to master them one by one, and the moment never arrives when we grasp the total: "The universe, so far as we can observe it, is a wonderful and immense engine; its extent, its order, its beauty, its cruelty, make it alike impressive. If we dramatize its life and conceive its spirit, we are filled with wonder, terror, and amusement, so magnificent is that spirit, so prolific, inexorable, grammatical, and dull." While we have been enumerating the shrouds and stays, and estimating what each does for the mast's rake and stability, his eye has at a glance taken in the boat and her rigging.

What is true of the words in many a sentence is equally true of Mr. Santayana on a larger scale. Take the sentence I quoted just now: "Morality too often puts up with being a constraint and even imagines such a disgrace to be its essence." He says and means it, but he means and says also and elsewhere: "With maturity comes the recognition that the authorized precepts of morality were essentially not arbitrary; that they expressed the genuine aims and interests of a practised will; that their alleged alien and supernatural basis (which if real would have deprived them of all moral authority) was but a mythical cover for their forgotten natural springs. Virtue is then seen to be admirable essentially, and not merely by conventional imputation. If traditional morality has much in it that is out of proportion, much that is unintelligent and inert, nevertheless it represents on the whole the verdict of reason. It speaks for a typical human will chastened by a typical human experience." Yes, he says this, but he also says in another place that morality "is the art of compressing human conduct within the narrow limits of the safe and possible. Remove danger, remove pain, remove the occasion of pity, and the need of morality is gone. To say 'thou shalt not' would then be an impertinence."

I cannot help suspecting these three quotations, related as I have related them, of doing injustice to Mr. Santayana's mental procedure, and I am sure they do injustice to its result. The "but" which links them is a falsifying word. "And" would have been better without being right. For all his uniqueness he is still human, and can therefore offer us the contrasting aspects of experience in no wise except successively, yet the more you read him the greater your assurance that he first perceived these contrasts simultaneously, and ever so long ago. How else to account for the feeling which grows upon you, that he never forgets one of these aspects while describing another, or rather that he holds them all, at all times, in the hollow of his hand? On ne montre pas sa grandeur, says Pascal, pour être à une extrémité, mais en touchant les deux à la fois et en remplis-

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sant l'entre-deux. One might go on and on, giving example after example of the insights which make up the sum of Mr. Santayana's wisdom, and thus bring his readers what they do not need, proof that he has this kind of greatness. In his own world he is as omnipresent as the Deity in another.

Just as his mind has the air of never relaxing, and of making no effort not to relax, its hold upon all his truth about morality, love, religion, supernaturalism or poetry, so it never loses sight of the central problem which all these truths together, if anything can, may help us to solve, the problem of uniting "a trustworthy conception of the conditions under which man lives with an adequate conception of his interests." The best use to which we can put intelligence, "which is the power of seeing things as they are," is to discover what is possible to man, since "knowledge of what is possible is the beginning of happiness," since "immaturity could go no further than to acknowledge no limits defining will and happiness," which we may miss after another fashion if we conceive it abstractly or meanly. Mr. Santayana conceives it with generosity and concreteness; as something which may come to us by the senses and imagination, by memory and the love of beauty, by love of vitality and order. Yet no passage, I think, is more characteristic of him than are these: "In philosophy itself investigation and reasoning are only preparatory and servile parts, means to an end. They terminate in insight, or what in the noblest sense of the word might be called theory, *Theoria*—a steady contemplation of all things in their order and worth." "The life of theory is not less human or less emotional than the life of sense; it is more typically human and more keenly emotional." "It is the acme of life to understand life."

When I find Santayana saying this, when I find him adding that "we cannot venerate any one in whom appreciation is not divorced from desire," I begin to wonder whether his conception of the conditions under which man lives is not more trustworthy than his conception of man's interests is adequate. "What we call being rational" is taking man's instincts "and giving each in turn a measure of its due." It is the function of reason, which "as such represents or constitutes a single formal interest, the interest in harmony," to dominate and set in order and harmonize all our interests, instincts, passions. Unfairness sets in when this function is performed too perfectly. Reason has carried the day, we murmur, not because of its own strength but because of its vassals' weakness. Where he hoped to watch a superb rider, in the act of busting several broncos at once, we see nothing but "an abbot on an ambling pad." How grossly you exaggerated, we say to man, when you ascribed to yourself savage instincts and wild desires! Trim little scholars are the passions in your bosom, trained to stand in rows and waiting for the bell.

In such a mood of revulsion we are unfair not only to reason, but to Mr. Santayana as well. We forget how he offers us his greater insights as if, far from being the fruits of his own genius, they were nothing but common property, mere structural parts of the wisdom of the ages, of future ages no less than past. We forget that to him his own philosophy appears as impersonal as physics. We shut our eyes to the fact that it has the beauty of order without the rigidity of system. Remembering, dyslogistically, the difficulties we have met in his prose, we remember too that these were not due always to the faster pace of his mind, but sometimes to a certain monotony of sentence structure, to an absence or sameness of rhythm, sometimes to our encountering sentence upon sentence from which the meaning looks before and after, but of which the rhythmic life, complete in itself, does nothing to prolong or announce the rhythmic lives it is set between. And perceiving the contrast between his great essential candor and his superficial reticence, we put—worst unfairness of all—our emphasis in the wrong place, on the reticence, which may be no more than a garment that he wears, perhaps in compliance with some code of manners.

And if, when brought to book, we admit the reticence to be only superficial, we still insist that the remoteness is ingrained. Something in Mr. Santayana's smile, mockery it may be or a civil indifference, affects us like a betrayal. No Monna Lisa, from a beworded Leonardo canvas, au Salon Carré beaucoup achalandé, where Walter Pater did his purple damnedest, smiles more remotely. We even fall to asking silly questions: Nicely dividing what may from what cannot be, taming the heart, delimiting the possible, what have you left us, Monna Santayana? Victory, friendship, temples and theory, sunrise, contemplation, moonlight asleep upon the moving waters, the shining keenness of the life of reason spread upon all life. Or is reason, on duty in some church with latin nave and transept, merely an usher who shows every passion, whether vagabond or pewholder, to a seat, and who gives each his due by asking him to remain decently quiet during service?

Such an attack of ingratitude and petulance never lasts long. It cannot survive contact with any one of a hundred passages, contact, for example, with this: "He who, while he lives, lives in the eternal, does not live longer for that reason. Duration has merely dropped from his view; he is not aware of or anxious about it; and death, without losing its reality, has lost its sting. The sublimation of his interests rescues him, so far as it goes, from the mortality which he accepts and surveys. The animals are mortal without knowing it, and doubtless presume, in their folly, that they will live for ever. Man alone knows that he must die; but that very knowledge raises him, in a sense, above mortality, by making him a sharer in the vision of eternal truth. He becomes the spectator of his own tragedy; he sympathizes so much with the fury of the storm that he has not ears left for the shipwrecked sailor, though that sailor were his own soul. The truth is cruel, but it can be loved, and it makes free those who have loved it."

I like to end with this quotation not only because of its intrinsic beauty, but because it serves to cure us of the notion that the fortitude he loves best is a shade too urbane. By studying the inevitable, of which his philosophy is among other things really a critique, he puts the inevitable in its place, leaving us free to deal with the possible as best we can. But he would not have us forget any of those inevitabilities which in our practical life we find it convenient to ignore. Least of all would he have us forget that the best possible and the best conceivable are not the same. He is a strong spirit, who at the end of a short childhood took his stand, and has remained there ever since, distantly at bay. In spite of this precocity he is now, when fifty-seven years old, at the height of his powers, and the wider fame he has long deserved is close upon him.

Lover of reason in a fevered age,
He lived apart, and his thought's jewel clear
Set in the wrought gold of a perfect page.

Which lines, by the way, are one more quotation from Mr. Santayana.

P. L.

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The Mind of Terence MacSwiney

Principles of Freedom, by Terence MacSwiney, late Mayor of Cork. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE public knows that Terence MacSwiney, an Irish political prisoner, went on hunger-strike as a protest against his political imprisonment, endured his hunger-strike for seventy-four days, and then died. Beyond the plain fact of his tenacity and endurance, the public in general does not know the kind or quality of MacSwiney's convictions. It is even vague as to the faith that inspired his hunger-strike. In many cases it calls him a "martyr," a "fanatic," a "suicide," in the usual ignorant newspaper-reflex way.

This book, luckily, gives us a chance to understand MacSwiney on the evidence of his own words. It is an extraordinary book. It was evidently written long before the Sinn Fein movement became powerful, and some time before 1914 and the upheavals of the war. It was written when this man had no idea as to the fate that awaited him personally. Yet, quite unconnected with actual events, it is most directly connected with his own subsequent conduct. It gives the mental and moral preamble to his hunger-strike. It shows the ideas on which he based himself, the principles that sustained him, the stuff of which he was made. Coming as it does after he himself met the test for which he tried to prepare others, it throws a flood of light on the mind of the Sinn Fein movement and the heart and conscience which go with that mind.

The ordinary comment on a man like MacSwiney is that he is wild or fanatical—one of those headstrong, misguided, unbalanced persons who really believe what they say. He is an "extremist" who, unlike the New York Times, does not grasp the whole situation. He is so "extremist" that he is willing to die for his convictions, and so doubly convict himself of a lack of mind.

The unimaginativeness of this comment comes from a failure to understand the cool inflexibility of a man of heroic temperament and size. MacSwiney had mind. He was, in the ordinary phrase, an intellectual. He had erudition and sophistication. He believed, as only intellectuals do believe, that the orchestra-leader of life should be mind. But where the ordinary lax American intellectual thinks that if you have mind and sufficient money to sustain it and a wide knowledge of mankind's instinctive tendencies, you ought to be able to work out a sort of painless destiny, MacSwiney realized that your desire for painlessness (often miscalled "liberalism") might betray you into worse evils than stupidity. He realized that in the very interest of social experiment and social freedom it might be necessary to consult heart and conscience—to be heroic, in fact, or else slink to illiberalism's heel. This acceptance of life as something more than a brain-puzzle—as necessarily an adventure of faith and courage—is the essence of those Principles of Freedom for which he died.

Why did MacSwiney lay such emphasis on faith and courage? Because he believed that "in a state enslaved every mean thing flourishes," that "the moral plague that eats up a people whose independence is lost is more calamitous than any physical rending of limb from limb." He believed, in other words, what the whole non-German world believed when it took up the cause of Belgium, only he was reflecting on the conquest of the Irish people rather than the Belgian people. "War must be faced," he said, "and blood must be shed, not gleefully, but as a terrible necessity, because there are moral horrors worse than any physical horror, because freedom is indispensable for a soul erect, and freedom must be had at any cost of suffering; the soul is greater than the body. This is the justification of war."

These words might have been uttered by any Allied statesman in regard to Belgium. Similar words were indeed uttered by Asquith, Lloyd George, Woodrow Wilson. But was not MacSwiney rather straining the point when he accused England of taking away Ireland's freedom, of governing Ireland without Ireland's consent? His own fate may indicate the answer. He was imprisoned for his beliefs, time and time again. And when he took up his last hunger-strike after a condemnation by court-martial, he was allowed to die without his principle being met by his jailors—the principle on which they themselves had recruited and conscripted for the European war.

This was the principle on which MacSwiney staked his life, and on which Lloyd George and the British cabinet and the British government, King, Lords and Commons, deliberately chose to let him die. But it is indispensable to consider the general temper of the man as well as the obduracy of his principle of freedom for Ireland, since many intransigent men are intransigent because they are neurotic and, as he puts it, "rebelly." MacSwiney was not a man of mood. He was cool, deliberate, stable, balanced. "We are urged to action," he believed, "by a beautiful ideal. The motive force must be likewise true and beautiful. It is love of country that inspires us; not hate of the enemy and desire for full satisfaction for the past." And in regard to Englishmen, while "we plead for separation from the British Empire as the only basis on which our country can have full development, and on which we can have final peace with England," still, "separation from England will alone make for real friendship with England. For no one is so foolish as to wish to be for ever at war with England. It is unthinkable." And again, "our enemies are brothers from who we are estranged," and "while the meanness and tyranny of contemporary England stand forward against our argument and leave our reasoning cold, we can find a more subtle appeal in spirit, such an appeal as comes to us in a play of Shakespeare's, a song of Shelley's, or a picture of Turner's. From the heart of the enemy Genius cries, bearing witness to our common humanity, and the yearning for such high comradeship is alive, and the dream survives to light us on the forward path." Substitute Goethe and Schiller and Beethoven for Shakespeare, Shelley and Turner, and examine the writings of occupied Belgium for such a tribute. Yet to MacSwiney Ireland was in the same degraded and ignominious position, as Belgium.

"To win our freedom we must be strong. But what is the secret of strength?" MacSwiney answers in terms of firmness, tolerance, imagination. It is almost like a father that he counsels meekness of spirit. "A keen eye notes with some depression the absence from both spheres of a fine manliness, a generous conception of things, a large outlook, that prevents a squabble with a smile, and because of a consciousness of the need for determination in a great fight for a principle, holds in true contempt the trivialities of an hour." And he illustrates from the ordinary history of radical Ireland. "Our history, recent and remote, affords many examples of the abandoning by our public men of a principle, to defend which they entered public life; and our action on such an occasion is invariably the same—to regard

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the delinquent as simply a traitor, to load him with invective and scorn and brand him for ever. We never see it is not innate wickedness in the man, but a weakness against which he has been untrained and undisciplined, and which leaves him helpless in the first crisis"—and he shows, by way of proving it, the subtle and seductive manner in which the British government used to get round a Nationalist Irish mayor.

"It is altogether indefensible because we disagree with him to call his motives in question." This is a principle that MacSwiney only violates in the case of the "materialism" of Norman Angell. He has an exalted tone, but he lives up to it, and scarcely one word is set down in anger, and none in contempt. His tone, one might say, is permeated with religion, almost in the same manner as Woodrow Wilson's. But there is the enormous difference that comes from MacSwiney's conviction that "grave questions" which divide people "should not be thrust aside and kept out of view in the hope of harmony. Where the attitude is such, the hope is vain. They should be approached with courage in the hope of creating mutual respect and an honorable solution for all." In this faith in candor there was no intellectual pride or superiority. "All sincere men," said MacSwiney in a radiant sentence, "are comrades in a deep and a fine sense." And this he said in a tribute to "honest disbelievers" in a chapter that lashed the bigotry of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

Whether on Brothers and Enemies, Womanhood, The Propagandist Playwright, Intellectual Freedom, The Empire, or Resistance in Arms, I find MacSwiney strong, straight, severe, sincere. "The average man strikes attitudes as readily as the average boy whistles." He struck no attitude whatever. He seems to have been principled without priggishness, high-minded without sterility, and liberal without a touch of liberalism's constant equivocation.

It is fortunate for Ireland, perhaps, that a man who knew beforehand that "there will be abundant need for men who will stand the single test" should have realized so long in advance that "not all the armies of all the Empires of earth can crush the spirit of one true man." But we must realize that he founded himself on the doctrine of the Allies and of Woodrow Wilson; and better than those politicians who betrayed liberal doctrine he recognized that his great truth "lays down a rigid course of action, involves self-denial, hard struggles, endurance for years, and possibly death before the goal is reached."

In years to come cultivated America will discover MacSwiney, as it has discovered the leaders of the Italian Revolution. Meanwhile, in the presence of America's evasiveness and dull confusion, these heroic Irishmen walk straight to death in their protest against Empire. And they die for a doctrine that the hypocritical English governing class itself set forth. F. H.

Marching through Georgia

The Soul of John Brown, by Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Co.

ABOUT Mr. Graham's half dozen or more books on Russia opinions differed. There were many people who thought that he had had a special flair for the Russian temperament and for Russian living and thinking. Other people, as every one knows, objected strenuously to these books. And many people thought them too simple to be taken seriously at all. The number of readers who will take The Soul of John Brown seriously is apt to be even less. On the march to Cologne as a private in the Guards, we are informed, the author had the idea of following General Sherman's march to the sea, in order to study the "ex-slave" and to see "how the experiment of liberation has prospered." The book, according to the publisher's note, is "a report of what he heard, saw, and as a Christian humanitarian pondered."

The prospect of such a book is at least adventurous. An Englishman is at best a long way off from America, even when he has been there before; and farther still from the American race-problem. And any white man on such a mission would be suspected by the Negroes in the South, especially by such as the pretty young colored widow of twenty-five on whom, as he tells us, Mr. Graham called. Just how far such a man would get on with the whites is easy to imagine. Certainly, then, head seems necessary to carry out such a job as Mr. Graham sets for himself. As is turns out the head is the least item that concerns us with this book.

But there is one distinct and important contribution in Mr. Graham's achievement. By reason of his foreign approach, combined with his honesty and innocence, he has a detachment that succeeds in giving us one thing: he gives us the sense of a race living among us as definite as Japanese, Indians or Frenchmen. He extends his race idea to include the Negroes of British Africa and the Indies and their oppressions. And so he is able, by virtue of all this, to afford us a sharper vision of the growing self-consciousness of the Negroes in this country, of their growing solidarity and increasing organization throughout the world. And for the same reason he is capable of seeing Dr. Dubois, for example, and Mr. Lodge side by side as we might see Mr. Asquith and Lord Reading. He sees these Negro leaders more distinctly as figures in the history of a people, rather than as agitators or educators in an American problem, which is the way we are apt to see them. This gives Mr. Graham's whole book a unity, and contributes a subtle assistance toward our thinking on the subject.

There is this unity of detachment in Mr. Graham's book; there are a good many picturesque details; there are a few raw horrors with the yellow thrill; and there is often the amusing flavor of the dull and slightly cocky and meddlesome kindliness of the writer going about on his mission. Any one who finds much else must bring it along with him.

We realize as we get on that the writer of these travels is plainly a very simple person, without much by way of theories or prejudices or constructive ideas. Perhaps the publisher's "Christian humanitarian" is one way of putting it; whatever else that might mean, it implies vaguely good intentions at least. Mr. Graham went to Richmond, Lynchburg with its tobacco industry, "to Knoxville investigating the race-riot there and the attitude of Tennessee"; then to Chattanooga and Birmingham, great steel centres, where he "met the leading Negroes and investigated conditions." He followed Sherman's march through Georgia to the sea. He covered Florida and from there to New Orleans and up the river to Vicksburg, Greenville and Memphis.

He learned many things, learned them in his own way as we soon see. From a white librarian he learns that the Negroes have not access to the Carnegie Libraries in the South. How different from the North, he reflects, where a librarian had told him that the "Negroes used the public library much more than the white people and that there were so many darkies that the whites did not care to go."

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He meets a colored dentist who "charges as much as six dollars an hour for stopping teeth." He visits Newport News, the "Negro Eton," which produces the "Curzons and Cecils of the colored race." And he visits a colored high-school and hears the English-class children retelling the story of Silas Marner, which they had read; and "this was pretty well done though Americanisms were frequent." He goes to a Negro theatre and finds that they roar with laughter whenever there is a death or anything sad, and so learns that the "Negro has a livelier sense of the humour of tragedy than the White Man." The colored preacher tells Mr. Graham that he resents such expressions as "black as sin," objects to angels being painted white, he wants the colored theologians to "get busy on a black God." From the Negro religious occasions that he sees Mr. Graham argues that the "Negro has attained access to the spiritual deeps—that he has a soul as we have—a fact so often denied—and that he is capable of apprehending the divine."

After the account of a lynching at Vicksburg, Mr. Graham concludes that the "Negro is with John Brown, and the repentant thief and many another such, in Paradise." Which is all very well if he likes to put the matter on such a basis, but it becomes rather difficult to get one's bearings. Investigating conditions, apprehending the divine, the humour of tragedy, Paradise, and the situation in Ireland, which he drags into a comparison with our Negro Question,—on all this hodgepodge where are we to stand?

To take such a book as socially and constructively serious—which is what we have a right to demand in a book on so tense a subject—would be hard to do. It might have been written by an honorable Boy Scout.

STARK YOUNG.

Josiah Royce and the German Idealists

Lectures on Modern Idealism, by the late Josiah Royce, Ph. D., Professor of the History of Philosophy, Harvard University. With an Introduction by Jacob Loewenberg, of the University of California. New Haven: Yale University Press.

REVIEWERS of philosophical books fall into two classes which, in respect of their attitude towards current philosophical movements, differ one from the other very much as a gardener and a field-naturalist differ in their attitude towards plants. To a field-naturalist, every living thing in the vegetable kingdom is an object of interest and delight; it reveals to him yet another aspect of nature's inexhaustible creativeness. A gardener, guided by some self-selected standard of beauty or utility, will tend, foster, develop some plants and persecute others. He wages a merciless war on what, by his standard, are weeds, but to the plants he favors, his skill and care are like a protecting providence. Where the field-naturalist practises catholicity of taste and tolerance, the gardener takes sides and strives that his friends among plants may live and his enemies die. Similarly the gardener-type of reviewer is a partisan. He judges as a member of a school, or, at least, he identifies himself with some one philosophical movement, preferably the one most "new," most "modern," most "up-to-date." This to him is *the* truth, or the nearest approximation to it. On its behalf he fights, and a review of a rival movement or school is but a fresh occasion for continuing the battle. By contrast, the reviewer of the field-naturalist sort is fascinated by, and appreciative of, all the manifold philosophical movements of his day. For him they do not divide themselves into pure white and pure black, one truth and many errors. Rather do they utter, severally, some degree or aspect of the whole truth, and he delights in learning something from each sincere effort to read the riddle of the world, be it new or old. For each will strike for him a note unique, distinctive, not to be ignored.

These general considerations are inevitably brought to mind by the attempt to estimate the value of the Lectures on Modern Idealism which Royce delivered in 1906 at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, and which are now posthumously published under the competent editorship of Dr. Loewenberg. To a reviewer who takes the anti-idealistic side, these Lectures will at most have a purely historical interest, as a masterly study of a way of thinking now happily recognized as erroneous and destined soon to die out. On the other hand, if a reviewer finds in idealism one of the most vital movements of the modern age, vigorous in the present, destined to flourish in new forms in the future, he will value Royce's book as helping to preserve the living contact between the present-day movement and its historical sources. It is well for idealists to be kept in mind of their great heritage, not in order that they may echo the terms of a traditionalized dogma, but that they may catch, at first-hand, something of the spiritual driving-forces which launched Kant and Hegel on their speculative adventures. For idealism is not so much a doctrine which can be corralled in a hard-and-fast formula, as a ferment in minds intensely alive and responsive to the many-sided, and only too often conflicting, tendencies of modern civilization—minds of a synthetic temper, straining to discern order in chaos, and pervading values in a world of much evil and ugliness. So long as these problems persist, no age will be without thinkers setting out upon the venture of idealism. And though they may greatly differ in the language they hold, they will recognize their kinship with each other, and be heartened by the knowledge that other great minds have bent themselves to the same task before them. It is in this sense that Royce ends his Lectures by declaring that idealism is "not merely a collection of eccentric opinions held by lonely students," but "the expression of the very soul of our civilization."

In detail, the Lectures are devoted to a study of Kant, Schelling, and Hegel. Throughout, Royce's accurate scholarship and gift of sympathetic interpretation are at their best, but nowhere more so than in the three lectures on Hegel's Phaenomenology of Spirit. There is no treatment of this difficult work in the English language which approaches these lectures of Royce's for lucidity and helpfulness. A special feature, too, of the book is the way in which Royce brings out the significance of idealism, not only for the analysis of the conditions of knowledge, but for the development of the philosophical study of society. "The mysterious linkage of the self to other selves and to the whole universe of being, formed (for the idealists) the central problem of philosophy." But two points, above all, deserve to be stressed in Royce's treatment. One concerns the much-abused "dialectical method" which, as Royce points out, reflects the natural dialectic of the emotions and the will, and culminates in a "pragmatic" concept of truth as "a construction, a process, an activity, a creation, an attainment." The other is the reminder that idealism reflects also the spirit of a revolutionary age, in which reason was conceived as a creative power to reform, capable of moulding a plastic world according to its own "forms." Present-

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day reformers often look upon idealism as the ally of reaction, or at least of conservatism. Such critics may be right, accidentally, about some of those whom Dewey calls "parasitic professors"; but they have hardly plumbed the depths of idealism as a historical force or of Royce's own "pragmatic absolutism."

It remains to add that the Yale Press has done its share of the publishing with its usual excellence, but a protest ought to be registereed against charging three dollars for a book which is not only not large, but which is explicitly announced as having been brought out on the James Wesley Cooper Memorial Publication Fund.

R. F. A. H.

The Latest Views of Hamlet

The Problem of "Hamlet." By J. M. Robertson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

Hamlet: An Historical and Comparative Study, by Elmer Edgar Stoll. Minneapolis: The University of Minnesota.

THEORY after theory of Hamlet has been advanced, discussed and rejected. The formula of "faults in the hero" was followed by that of "faults in the situation" and that in turn by "faults in the poet." To-day the popular formula is that of "faults in the material." The problem is now being approached by the road of historical criticism; and in being "historical" the critic, as Dr. Stoll admits, "follows the bent of the age." The escape from predilections and prejudices is hard; the reviewer himself cannot but be biased by knowledge of the bias evident in former monographs by each of the two acute and ingenious scholars who have lately and simultaneously confronted the great enigma. The badly anti-psychological interpretations of other famous characters in the plays offered by Dr. Stoll and the advanced heresies advocated by Mr. Robertson in other volumes perforce make one wary. Moreover, proceeding from like premises, these critics arrive at strangely contrasting conclusions with regard to the "mystery" of Hamlet.

The fact is now universally accepted that the play, as we have it, is not in a form upon which Shakespeare set his seal. There is only a series of three ill-printed texts behind which lies the old lost play, probably by Kyd, which in turn was based on the barbaric tale retold by Belleforest. Through allusions earlier than 1603, through detached survivals of Kydian phraseology, and especially through the old German play Der Bestrafte Brudermord (clearly the offshoot of an early form of Hamlet, though Dr. Stoll, unlike Mr. Robertson, refuses to rest any part of his argument on this point) it is possible to reconstruct with some clearness the original form of the pre-Shakespearean drama. The problem then is: Given such materials, in what lies the transformation wrought by Shakespeare? Mr. Robertson's central thesis is that Kyd retained the mock-madness and the delayed vengeance while rejecting the explanations thereof, that these inconsistencies of construction inhere in Shakespeare's play, that (unwilling to depart widely from a popular story) Shakespeare retained all the archaic machinery while transfiguring the characters, that he infused pessimism into a character originally resourceful, active and heroic, and that the upshot is a "composite Hamlet," half Shakespearean in his inhibiting realization of the barrenness of revenge, half Kydian in his ability to act, when action is possible, with lightning speed and force. Shakespeare thus leaves in the action matter conflicting with the solution of pessimism. "No jugglery," Mr. Robertson declares, "can do away with the fact that the construction is incoherent and the hero an enigma." No blame attaches to Shakespeare for this incoherence; rather the wonder is the greater that from impossibly refractory material a masterpiece that has withstood the fiercest pragmatic tests was produced. Mr. Robertson is more philosophic than Dr. Stoll who, though he admits contradictions in detail, brushes aside the pessimistic attributes of Hamlet and makes him out to be a logically conceived heroic figure, in no sense a pathetic and faltering one.

This *may* have been Shakespeare's intention, but to arrive unreservedly at such a conclusion is to pass heedlessly over passages in the text that should not be ignored. To support his conclusions Dr. Stoll was forced to deny the validity of the contention that additions in the second quarto, not found in the first, represent Shakespeare's mature and reasoned modifications of Kyd's conception. In the later text, for example, occur for the first time the Ghost's significant words about Hamlet's "almost blunted purpose"; there too is first found the direct evidence that Hamlet meditated suicide. Such passages Dr. Stoll ignores. On the other hand he considers with admirable lucidity such variations between the two quartos as support his argument. That argument, in a word, is that the play is to be studied not as a psychological but as a dramaturgic problem. "Shakespeare, having inherited a plot in which the revenge must be deferred throughout the drama, and finding it neither in his heart nor in the heart of his audience to have a revenger who would by nature so defer it, has shifted the revenger into the background, slurred over the delay, and by every means exalted and endeared us to the revenger himself. By all the cajoleries and enchantments of his art he has obscured and eluded the problem—not solved it." Dr. Stoll thus makes almost a merit of that lack of complete harmony and coherence which Mr. Robertson recognizes as an unavoidable flaw.

SAMUEL C. CHEW.

The Garden of Survival

The Garden of Survival, by Algernon Blackwood. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

ONCE upon a time, on the strength of an asseveration by Hilaire Belloc in The Eye-Witness that Algernon Blackwood was the greatest, or one of the greatest, of living novelists,—or words to that effect,—the present reviewer read everything Blackwood had written up to that time. The Human Chord and The Centaur were first-rate stories he thought, and still thinks,—especially The Centaur which, in spite of the footnote quotations from William James and a certain heaviness in the handling, is really an amazingly fine, if not a great, achievement. Since then, however, Blackwood has written nothing even remotely approaching the quality of these. Julius Le Vallon, for example, and The Promise of Air are difficult, and The Wave impossible, to read.

This last book of his, The Garden of Survival, which the publishers' wrapper describes as "a delicate and beautiful story of the influence exercised by the soul of a woman after her death on the man she loves" is very far indeed from deserving the stentorian praise which some reviewers have lavished upon it. For one thing, it is a monstrous long time getting under way; for another, the author seems hardly sure of what he is trying to do. There are two or three moments when the reader is on the point of being con-

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vinced that the book has greatness. But conviction never comes, and one lays down The Garden of Survival in a mood verging on beatific bewilderment. H. A. L.

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A novel dedicated to H. G. Wells and praised by H. G. Wells, with much to say about Hohenheims and Schweinthals and Weisenbergs who become Holmeses and Swinleys and so on.

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Contributors

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